VISTA GRANDE
CROCKER TRACT

COLMA RECORD

HILLCREST
MISSION TRACT

BY J. L. BROWN — COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1911. — VOL. 2. NO. 43.

LET EVERYBODY BOOST INCOPORATION

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTH END TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Sept. 7, 1909, bonds were voted for Colma Lighting District.

507 DAYS
And no lights yet.

Mrs. Alice Freye has recovered from her illness and able to be about.

Chickens and Geese For Sa.e—Apply to H. Strum. 530 Mission Road, Vista Grande.

Mrs. J. W. White's brother and wife Mrs. and Mr. Fred Styer of Oakland, visited here Sunday.

Biggio Park is to have the tallest flag pole in Colma. It will be 106 feet above ground.

Wood for Sale—Good wood in logs at a low price—Apply to Louie Nick, at Hillcrest Drive store.

Colma Circle will give a Grand Masque Carnival at Colma Hall, Saturday evening January 28th.

Miss Blanche Morrison of San Francisco, an interesting little lady, spent Sunday visiting the Record.

For Sale—A three-burner gasoline stove in good order. Chas. P. Lambert, Colma, near Mt. Olivet Cemetery. *

Dr. B. H. Baumeister has moved to his office in his new residence (the Stork Nest), 263 29th street, above the bridge. 43*

Emelio Scramaglia has built a fence in front of his two lots on Mission, between Mrs. Dr. Poket's and Enrico Biggio's building.

El Carmelo Parlor, 181, N. D. G. W., will give their first grand anniversary ball at Colma Hall, Saturday evening, February 25, 1911.

Stanley Ketchel's slayers, W. A. Dipley and Goldie Smith, were found guilty at Marshfield, Mo., Tuesday. The verdict is life imprisonment.

Mrs. H. Behre's daughter, Mrs. and Mr. I. Bell, leaves this week for Los Angeles where they will stay for a while on account of the poor health of Mrs. Bell.

Dr. Bush, who for nearly a year had his dental parlors in Knowles' building, is now located at Clement street and Fourth avenue, San Francisco, where he has a nice place and doing well.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.*

The Record job printing department is quite busy at present. First-class work and guaranteed to be right, are points that are appreciated by live people, even if it does cost a few cents more than some city scab shop will do it for.

Plans have been drawn for remodeling the Biggio building for the Italian restaurant, corner Mission and Merced avenue and work will begin as soon as the weather settles. The restaurant will be an attractive improvement to the hill.

The residence of R. Seeney, superintendent of Eternal Home Cemetery, narrowly escaped destruction by fire Monday evening. The fire caught back of the fire place and was burning rapidly but was extinguished before much damage was done.

The Knickerbocker Whist Club met Wednesday evening with Mrs. Alice Smith. The first prizes went to Mrs. Simmons and Peter Benassini; second, Miss Rene Olivieri and T. J. Reese. The next meeting will be with Mrs. A. J. Spring, February 8.

Dr. Rowland is now comfortably settled in his most convenient new quarters, 15 Wellington avenue, Crocker Tract. His new arrangements afford him the convenience of a nurse. His hours are from 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, day or night, Mission 4978. *

The Biggio's Banquet Their Friends.

The Banquet-Italliano given by John Biggio, Sr., and Mrs. and Enrico Biggio last Thursday evening to a number of their friends, was certainly an affair long to be remembered. There were salads, abalones chowdered and fried, raviolas, chicken, delicious wine and every conceivable delicacy that goes to make up a first-class Italian feast. Then came the sweet strains of music and the merry party danced in joy and glory in the beautifully decorated private hall. At the dinner numerous toasts were offered, notably of which was that by the grand old pioneer, Hon. R. S. Thornton, who spoke of the old-time days here, with particular mention of our present Supervisor, "Jim" Casey, in his youth, who was always liked because of his hoesty and industry.

Those present were: Mrs. and Jess Robb and their son, Harry, of Millbrea; Mrs. and Frank Smack, Mrs. and Dr. W. G. Beattie, Mrs. and Supervisor J. T. Casey, Misses Elise and Margy Casey, Mrs. and J. H. Dennis, Mrs. Marchbank, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Hon. R. S. Thornton, Mrs. and Judge Elis C. Johnson, Mrs. A. Davidson, Frank Barrett, Professor W. J. Savage and Mrs. and J. L. Brown.

The Record believes in fair treatment and deserves fair treatment. Dances and entertainments that have their printing done in the city should get their patronage from the city. Such grafts are not fair to our people when all profits go to city concerns.

The Civic Betterment League passed a resolution unanimously Tuesday evening, expressing thanks and appreciation to the various companies of the Vista Grande Fire District, in recognition of their efforts in the interests of this community in protecting property from fires.

Hon. Henry Ward Brown, representative of San Mateo County to the Legislature, has been placed on the following important committees: Contested elections; county and township governments; judiciary; medical and dental laws; reform of the civic service; roads and highways; state library.

Ocean View Furniture Company, 2926 San Jose Avenue, Ocean View.—The Best Credit System on the Pacific Coast. Leave your patronage in your own town and trade where you are sure of honest treatment and a fair, square deal. Furniture of all kinds bought and sold. **J. J. Payne, Manager.** Phone Mission 7897. *

The outrages perpetrated upon the people of Hillcrest with reference to their water still continues. Sunday the fire plugs were unlawfully removed, so that in case of fire, that section of our city would be utterly at the mercy of the flames. If there is no law to reach that whelp, then the people should follow the suggestion of the Record, and be quick about it. Tar, Tar, Tar.

Mrs. La Fontain will move to the city Monday and will reside at 320 Bartlett street, and Robbie has resigned his position to attend school.

Dr. F. A. Crown, pastor of the Vista Grande M. E. Church, preached an interesting sermon Sunday evening on the subject "What Think You of Christ?" Next Sunday, 10:30 a. m., a young people's class will be organized and in the evening there will be a young people's rally.

The San Bruno Banner quietly died without a warning or a farewell, and last week a new paper called The Register made its bow. No editor is mentioned, which likely accounts for the fact that the paper has not learned of the election of the new county and township officers. Just to break the news gently, the Record desires to inform The Register that George Washington died several years ago, and that the Panama-Pacific Exposition will likely be held in San Francisco and not San Bruno.

Just before going to press the Record received a communication from a friend in Colma, with reference to the incorporation movement, urging that the lines be extended to include the entire Jefferson School District, as that would give the new city a sufficient territory to maintain a good municipal government. The letter is carefully worded and deserving of consideration, so will appear in the next issue of the Record. The question will not come up before the Supervisors until February 6, so next week will be ample time.

Daly City Incorporation Delegation To Meet Supervisors---The Hearing Set for the 6th of Feb'y.

Nine Record Reasons---Why?

Record advertisers are helping to build up your home town and deserve your support.

No other publication will give you your local or neighborhood news as well as The Record.

The Record is newsy, clean and readable and you will not be ashamed to have it in your home.

The Record is a home product. It is boosting for home enterprises and should be loyally supported by home people.

You should not only read The Record yourself, but send it to your friends. It will be like a letter from home to them.

A community is judged by the character of its paper. It is up to you to give your support to help The Record represent your community creditably.

In giving your patronage to The Record, you are really helping yourself, for it is building up your town and increasing the value of your property.

People of intelligence are those who keep abreast of the times and take good reading matter. You owe it to yourself, to your family and your community to be an intelligent, progressive and wide-awake. The Record will help keep you abreast of the times.

Benefits come to every person in this vicinity because of the persistent efforts of The Record to boost all laudable movements. The most to the paper's friends, of course, for they put themselves in harmony, but its beneficial influences extend to include others in spite of themselves.

Some of the New Laws Under Discussion at Capitol

Sacramento.—The custom of giving away automobiles, town lots or other articles of merchandise on tickets given away with purchases will be done away with if a bill introduced in the House by Clark of Alameda becomes a law.

Assembyman Milton Schmitt's bill, increasing the number of Superior Judges in San Francsco from 12 to 16 passed the lower House.

All kitchens in hotels as well as restaurants and bakeshops will be subjected to careful inspection if the Assembly Committee on Public Health and Quarantine has its way.

Any person conducting a business under a fictitious or trade name is compelled to file his own name with the proper authorities by the provision of a bill introduced by Senator E. I. Wolfe.

Senator J. B. Sanford anticipated an administration measure when he introduced a bill providing for the re-establishment of the system of district fairs, which existed ten years ago.

Night hunting or night fishing for any game fish is prohibited under the provisions of a bill by J. E. Mullally in the Assembly. The bill also eliminates the early morning fishing and hunting.

Prior to the taking of any action on Senator Strobridge's bill providing for the buying and selling of poultry and eggs by pound weight avoirdupois, it is probable that the poultry men may ask to be heard.

Oakland wants to acquire the State's interest in the submerged and tide lands of Lake Merrit. A bill was ofered in the Assembly by George Fitzgerald for the State to cede to Oakland all title it may have to tide lands in Oakland west of Pine street.

Improvement in the sanitation of dairies and strict observance of laws of standard weights and measures in the sale of dairy products is provided for in a bill backed by the State dairy bureau.

Joint control by parents over children as provided for in a bill by Senator H. R. Roseberry received the official dis favor of the judiciary committee The principal idea for the bill was that it provided for the care of the children in the case of one of the parents being dissolute or in case of separation.

Congress is asked to purchase the Calaveras grove of big trees in a joint Senate resolution introduced by Senator A. Caminetti. Congress has provided for exchange of timber lands. It is the purpose of Caminetti's resolution to prevent the commercializing of the big trees by private interests.

Assemblyman Struckenbruck's bill providing for the procuring and distribution of blood serum or vaccine for the prevention of hog cholera in the State of California, was a special order of business before the Committee on Live Stock, of which J. W. Hamilton is chairman. In 33 States a law providing for hog vaccination as a preventive of cholera is in force.

In the Senate, Senator Campbell offered two bills regulating the use of automobiles. They provide a maximum penalty of $500 fine or six months imprisonment, or both, for any person found driving an automobile when intoxicated, and a penalty of five years' imprisonment or $500 fine, or both, for autoists who seriously injure other persons by running them down.

EVERYONE SHOULD BOOST FOR INCORPORATION

Athlete Killed by Explosion.

San Jose.—Frank E. Cliker, a Stanford man, who was considered the best all round athlete in this county when a student at the Santa Clara high school, died at the Roosevelt hospital in Berkeley as a result of injuries received in an explosion of distillate.

Cadets Aid Fire Department.

San Rafael.—The cadets of the Hitchcock military academy aided the city fire department in saving the institution from fire. The blaze was confined to the destruction of a $500 pumping plant close to the main building.

Volunteer Firemen Did Good Work.

The nice little cottage of Wm. Schauer's on Los Angeles avenue was completely destroyed by fire at 8:30 Sunday evening, by the explosion of a Rochester lamp. The lamp was pulled off a table by the little child while the parents were in another room and they barely had time to escape with their lives, saving nothing except a coat that Mrs. S. threw around the baby. The loss was about $1500, with $500 insurance. The fire burned fiercely and the fire laddies turned all their attention to the next cottage that belonged to a brother of Wm. Schauer. It caught fire several times and once there seemed not the slightest chance of saving it, when Company No. 3 arrived with their chemical engine and soon extinguished the fire that had already caught the entire side of the cottage and was burning fiercely. Company 3 and all the firemen did vallient work, but were handicapped on account of a lack of water.

New National Guard Troop.

Alturas.—Probably the most active troop of cavalry in the National Guard of California will be that soon to be organized in Alturas. This will be composed for the most part of broncho busters, many of whom participated in the contests at the fiesta of the Dawn of Gold in Sacramento during the State Fair. When the Alturas troop is organized it will make four organizations of the kind in California, and will complete a squadron. There are now troops at Sacramento, Salinas and Los Angeles. Dr. E. F. Auble, who is at the bottom of the movement for a troop in Alturas, has been in conference with Adjutant-General E. A. Forbes in Sacramento several days. Dr. Auble reports that General Forbes gives the movement his enthusiastic support and likes the interest that is being taken in the guard in this city.

Stabbed in Back With Pick.

Alturas.—Stabbed in the back with a pick in the hands of a Greek laborer, known as Henry, Deputy Sheriff Thomas Frawley lies near death following an operation. Physicians express little hope for his recovery. Public feeling against his assailant is said to run high. After a search of an entire night the Greek was located by a posse in a small cabin of a countryman. The Greek had accused an Indian squaw of stealing a ring from him. While she was in town he stole her horse. Frawley then took the horse away from the enraged Greek.

Fraudulent Mining Stock.

Washington.—The Supeme Court of the United States denied a request that it review the conviction of Frank Horn, Elisha H. Horn, Raymond P. May and S. H. Snider of Kansas City, Mo., on the charge of using the mails to sell alleged fraudulent mining stocks. The men were sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a day and to pay a fine of $500 each.

Japs Import Ball Team.

Victoria, B. C.—A Japanese baseball team is to invade the United States, landing at San Francisco in April. Games will be played in Chicago, Boston, St. Louis and other cities. The Japanese will return home in September or October. The team will be composed of picked players from the Waseda and Kelo University and other clubs.

Socilists in Japan.

Tokio.—The sentence of 12 of the 24 alleged anarchists, who were condemned to death by the Supreme Court, were commuted to life imprisonment. The clemency was not extended to Denjiro Kotoku, the alleged ringleader, who lived in San Francisco prior to 1906, and his wife, both of whom will be executed.

Miner Burned in Cabin.

Sonora.—Charles C. Kane, a mining man, was burned to death in his cabin four miles north of this city. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp. Kane, who was 65 years of age, leaves ralatives in Alameda, where he will be buried.

A SOLID STAND FOR A PACIFIC COAST EXHIBIT

States Legislate for Money to Boost Panama Fair in San Francisco.

Uncle Sam's Money is No Good.—The West is Able and Willing Treat the Entire World.

Tacoma, Wash.—Charles F. Curry ex-Secretary of State of California, and State Senator McKee were in Olympia last week to interest the Washington Legislature in the proposed Panama Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915. Senator Josiah Collins of King county will introduce a bill calling for an appropriation of $250,000 for the Washington exhibit at the fair. The California visitors stated that the Governor of Oregon would send a special message to the Legislature indorsing San Francisco and asking an appropriation for the Oregon exhibit. Governor Hay states he will send no message to the Legislature, as in all probability such a bill will pass without any trouble, as the Legislature has already endorsed San Francisco.

Sacramento.—Members of the Senate and Assembly interested in mines and mining organized at a luncheon in the Hotel Sacramento, with Dan Williams of Chinese Camp chairman, and F. G. Stevenot of Carson Hill, secretary. Fred Hall of Bakersfield was the host. The purpose of the organization is to place on exhibition at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 a suitable mining exhibit, included in which will be $1,000,000 worth of natural nuggets from California mines.

Oakland.—One million dollars will be raised in Alameda county to be added to the fund of $17,500,000 already subscribed for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This is the message which was flashed across the continent to Washington as a surprise to Congress, debating the question of whether or not New Orleans or San Francisco shall have the exposition.

Carson, Nev.—The Assembly of the State Legislature introduced a bill appropriating $50,000 to be used for a Nevada exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 should it be held in San Francisco, and adopted a resolution memorializing Congress to designate San Francisco as the place for the exposition.

Salem, Or.—Messages were wired Congress from the Oregon Legislature urging that San Francisco be named as the location of the exposition which will celebrate the completion of the Panama canal. These things followed a message from Governor West urging that such a move be taken.

Helena, Montana.—Representative Kirchweng of Cascade county introduced a bill in the House appropriating $50,000 for a Montana building at the exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915. The bill was referred to the appropriation committee.

Oympia, Wash.—In the House and in the Senate bills were introduced providing an appropriation of $250,000 for a Wa hington State exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915.

Denver.—Bills were introduced in both branches of the Colorado Legislature appropriating $250,000 for a Colorado building and a Colorado exhibit at the Panama Exposition at San Francisco.

Officers Fight With Smugglers.

Santa Barbara.—One Chinese was captured and several smugglers are believed to have been wounded in a revolver fight a few miles down the coast from Santa Barbara, when immigration officers from Los Angeles encountered what is believed to have been a landing party from the smuggling schooner which the revenue cutters Bear and Orient have been trying to locate.

Wedding in High Life.

San Antonio, Texas.—While sailing aloft over San Antonio in a dirigible baloon at a height of 800 feet Miss Marie Shelton and W. Walter Stowe, well known young people of San Antonio, were married.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Preprietor

RULES FOR SEA TRAVELERS

On Navigation Courtesy and the Proper Poise in Qualms.

"Do not interfere with the captain in the performance of his duties, or offer suggestions in navigation based upon your own experience in running a catboat on Lake Mohonk," John Kendrick Bangs says in Harper's Weekly. "There are few captains now in the transatlantic service who have not crossed the ocean several times, and we know of none who has acquired his knowledge of the sea in a correspondence school.

"If the lady with golden hair seated in the steamer chair next to yours inadvertently puts her head on your shoulder and groans, do not rudely remove it, but whistle a soft lullaby as if you did not notice the act. Bear in mind that two heads are better than one. The lullaby may put her to sleep, when her curls may be gently removed to her own soft pillow. Should you desire to go below before she goes to sleep, send the deck steward after her husband and ask him to remove them himself.

"If in the midst of your dinner you feel a sudden emotional qualm arising within you, rise with it as nearly simultaneously as possible, and hasten from the saloon, taking care in your flight to stick to the aisles between the tables and not go leaping from table to table like a frightened antelope toward the exit. This latter course would cause considerable confusion in the dining room and in your haste you might inadvertently trip over another passenger's welsh-rabbit, which is not considered good form in polished circles, either on the land or on the sea.

"If, on your way to the upper deck, you find the staircase blocked by others hastening upward like yourself, do not step upon them in your mad flight upward, but slide down the banister to the lower deck, which you will find just as well adapted to your needs as the upper. Any deck is good in a qualm."

HOW FAR HAVE YOU TRAVELED

If You Have Never Taken Count You Will Be Surprised at Distance Covered.

Have you ever counted up the number of steps which you have made in the course of one day—in going to business, in walking from one room to another at home, and so on, throughout the course of the day? If you will take the trouble to do so, you will be surprised to find what a distance you have covered without realizing it. Multiply thos distance by 365 and you will find that it will not require many years before you have made up the 25,000 miles which is equal to the circuit of the globe. Most people would certainly be surprised if they were informed that during the course of their lives they have walked a distance as great as the length of the equator. Yet, however sedentary we may be, however little inclined to gain the reputation of a globe-trotter or of an Alpine climber, most of us have, unknown to ourselves, covered a distance equal to the full circuit of the earth, or a climb to the highest mountain peaks in the world. More than that, we have accomplished a task still more colossal. Without having had occasion to explore the unknown regions beneath the crust of the earth, we have descended as far as the depths of the most unfathomable abysses, even as far as the very center of the earth.—Strand Magazine.

Century Old Churches.

An interesting fact, and to many people a surprising one, is that of the 6,000 Congregational (orthodox) churches now existing in the United States 763, or more than 12½ per cent., were organized a century or more ago and have since continued their activities in company with the American board. All of them are located in New England, New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

In Connecticut 60 per cent. of the present 332 Congregational churches are at least 100 years old, as are more than one-half of those in New Hampshire, nearly one-half in Vermont and about 40 per cent. in Massachusetts. Only that a considerable number of churches that were Congregational then are Unitarian now, the proportion would be somewhat larger.

Higher Criticism Wanted.

"There are two things my three year-old wants to know," said the young mother. "He says his little prayer every night without the slightest idea, of course, of what it all means, and he is always asking me, 'Where is Lay Me's house and what is God Bless's other name?' If anybody can tell me I'll be much obliged."

Old Houses.

Old houses have a far larger commercial value than their owners always remember. Milton's well-known observation in his "Areopagitica," "Almost as well kill a man as kill a good book," applies not a little to a good old building, which is not only a book but a unique manuscript that has no fellow.—Address by Thomas Hardy.

SINKING OF CONCRETE PIERS

New Plan Gives Satisfaction to French Government Engineers and Others.

The novel plan of sinking concrete piers by means of the old pile-driver seems to have given satisfaction to French government engineers and others. It is called the "compressol" system, and is used for preparing solid foundations in loose earth for buildings, bridges, etc. The ground around is consolidated as the sustaining piers are sunk. A conical steel mass, called the "perforator," somewhat less than three feet in diameter at the base and rather more than two tons in weight, is used in an ordinary pile-driver for making the pier-well, being repeatedly drawn up by the base and released untill a hole in the ground sufficiently deep is formed. The soil immediately outside is solidly compacted. Timbering or shoring the sides of the excavation are unnecessary, and workmen are not exposed to danger from caveins or deleterious gases, as in ordinary digging of deep pits. When the hole is completed, the "rammer"—an acorn-shaped mass of metal 30 inches in diameter and weighing two tons—takes the place of the perforator. This rams the bottom of the hole until hard, and compresses the concrete as each layer of about a foot is poured in, forcing the material laterally into the soil. The irregular corrugated surface thus given the pier adds much to its supporting capacity. The system is rapid as well as safe, and the compressed wells can be sunk four or five feet an hour.

WATCH BOYS IN NORWAY

Sits in Sentry Box Set on Stilts on Lookout for Schools of Fish.

It is common enough to see a boy watching cattle to keep them from straying, but a watch boy whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish, and who sits in a sentry box set upon stilts, is not such an everyday sight.

This particular kind of watch boy is Norwegian, the scene of his labors being the shores of some fiord of his native land.

His little sentry box is made of wood and perched high upon posts. Here the lad sits, gazing out across the sea, using his keen eyes for the benefit of the farmers who are depending upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish shall appear. They work contentedly enough in their fields, secure in the belief that their watch boy will let them know when it is time to reap a harvest from the sea instead of from the land.

When the signal is given they leave their work, throw the hug nets over their shoulders, and hurry off to their boats.

Sentinel boxes similar to those employed in Norway were in use among the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is supposed that the Vikings brought back with them from some of their piratical raids the idea that has been put in practice ever since.

"Superiority" of Women.

Men have never believed in the superiority of woman, that she is in any way a nobler or greater being, for they have never imitated her in anything. Men admire generously, but they only honor success, and a successful woman—whatever that is—not less than a successful man.

If historians had only told us when taking off the hat to a woman was invented, the whole puzzle would be solved. Perhaps it began in the Crusades to show the wearer was not a Saracen or an oriental. Erasmus, we know, used to salute the ladies of this country by kissing them; perhaps the celebrant took off his hat to prevent it falling off—just as, probably, the origin of taking one's glove off to shake hands was to prevent the other party to the dialogue involuntarily pulling it off or otherwise damaging it.

We may be sure the movement was utilitarian and not romantic. Today it is a mere survival, like the old-fashioned signatures to a letter.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Caring for Animals.

It is a good plan for every child to have some pet as soon as it is old enough to look after itself. Teach the little ones to watch the habits of the birds and animals and explain to the little ones that pussy does not altogether appreciate being squeezed too tightly and that a dog's tail was not meant to be pulled. Never let dogs or cats sleep in the night nursery.

Pronunciation.

We know that our grandmothers spoke and sometimes wrote of "lay-lock" where we speak and write of "lilac," and of "chaney" where we speak of "china." Is there any real difference between these changes and that of "lidy" for "lady," except that the latter shocks us rather by its vulgarity than by its inferiority of articulation?—London Times.

Human Nature.

Pat was being shown an incubator by one of his friends who had recently removed to the suburbs. He took great interest in all of the details and examined everything with great care. Then, as he looked at about 100 young chickens that had just been hatched, with an awed expression, he said: "Human nature is a funny thing, after all."—Everybody's.

MODES of the MOMENT

BOTH shops and private makers are presenting frocks for party and dance wear for young girls that are sometimes as cheap as they are charming. Indeed, since the smart prejudice is for the simpler thing, a little gown that may cost half the price of a more elaborate one is often far the prettier of the two.

Nothing can exceed the appropriateness of pure white for young persons and so, as ever, the majority of the gala costumes for misses and small girls are of this original sort, though where all white is thought unbecoming colored ribbons will set it off bewitchingly. With the tinted things, the color is of the palest, the faintest azure, wild-rose pink, corn-silk yellow and new-leaf green providing the tones so radiant against fresh young cheeks. These colors, which are displayed in all the thin tissues of the season, and in silk, satin and chiffon-velveteen, will be set off with effective lace, this forming yokes, undersleeves and skirt bands of various sorts. Dark fur, too, in the narrowest bands will be used with the smartest effect upon a delicately tinted gauze and velveteen, this touch creating a very Parisian look. The fur is brown or black, and skunk is the skin generally used.

Upon the sheer white textiles, mull, swiss, veiling, marquisette, etc. Dresden ribbon is an effective and not too expensive garniture, and in the most lovely patterns and tints this may be set into the gown material (in the bodice and skirt) and veiled over with the dress goods. Hand work is ever present in the more exquisite of the wash materials, hemstitching, drawn threads, herringbone and needle run tucks giving a demure and childish look to such textures as mull, handkerchief linen, and fine lawn.

The preferred model for all girls up to sixteen is a one-piece gown, and though for the bigger maids this is sometimes separated at the waist line for convenience in making, the design still affects a one-piece look. All bodices fasten at the back, and a thin, high stock and Dutch neck are equally smart. The most effective sleeve is three-quarter or elbow length, but economical mothers buy extra little undersleeves so as to make the short-sleeved gown useful for other than merely gala evening occasions. The skirts in thin materials are invariably gathered or tucked at the top, but if there is a flaring flounce at the bottom it is bound to be topped by the narrow band used everywhere for skimping the effect—that is, for misses, for the skirts of a small girl may flare straight from the waist.

The pictures displayed give some little frocks for girls from six up to sixteen, though maids of eighteen may very well wear the older styles. The mother who makes her children's clothes will find the simple designs very convenient for home sewing.

Three frocks in very pretty models show here the sort of things that are needed by young girls who are called upon to have some species of gala costume and cannot afford extravagance. The dress at the left of the picture is of white linen lawn, over a blue lawn slip. Two sorts of lace are used, one showing a sort of embroidery on lawn and the other valenciennes. This last is employed for the stock and lower sleeve bands. A folded girdle of pale blue louisine silk is a charming finish to this dainty frock which is set off by a long neck chain and locket of imitation turquoise.

Other materials suited to this gown are marquisette, veiling, swiss and thin silk.

The middle dress of novelty voile is wild-rose pink, with garnishings of cream lace and black fur. Shirring over cords is used effectively for part of the yoke, and for the belt, hip bands and sleeve gatherings, and the dark note of the fur is repeated in a girdle of black panne velvet. The dress is hung over a white silk slip.

The pretty girl with the long-stemmed rose, wears a frock in exactly the same color—American Beauty red. With this lovely material is combined a beaded trimming—on chiffon—in a matching color, and the crush belt of panne and the silk underslip are also in the same rich tone. The kimono top of the bodice, which is divided from the bottom by a wide band of the beaded trimming, is a novel feature, and though the skirt band may seem a little tight it is necessary for a skirt of this much-gathered sort.

Numerous inexpensive veilings can be found in delightful evening tints, which, with a little cheap thin silk, would adapt themselves to this model. There are also many daintily patterned silks of a girlish sort that are suited to it, and since such fabrics are regarded as summer materials they are sometimes very cheap. The model would not do for any goods with much body, as thinness is required for the profuse gathering.

As the petticoat plays a very important part in all party toilets, it must be considered here. For all gowns in thin materials care must be taken to have the lines of the underskirt match those of the outer one. A plain princess slip can go under a frock of any cut, but one showing a flounce marking above or below the line of the flounce on the outside skirt is ruin to a smart effect. Lawn in white or color, made up plainly, or with a little inexpensive lace, is quite good enough for a modest frock, and for the finer ones, unless the silk is to show through the dress material, a dainty petticoat in fine lingerie materials is to be preferred to one of silk. Any dress with the hobble skirt band requires a petticoat of the skimpiest sort, so that for a girl of fourteen or fifteen three yards and a half, or four yards of soft silk will make this. Taffeta petticoats are in the minority, all the straight up and down lines of present dress calling for a silk of a more caressing sort. Louisine at 59 cents a yard is good enough for any party petticoat, for of course it would not be used enough to wear out soon.

Every feminine creature needs personal ornaments to make a good appearance in dress-up clothes. These things include every trifle from a made hair band to a slipper buckle.

The made hair bands consist of a bandeau of velvet, or ribbon, fastening closely about the head with a hook and eye. As the face needs it, there may be a bow on top of the head, a rosette at either side or—for the older girls—a little ornamentation of small roses or metal slides. The value of the thing always being in shape to put on is that it takes away from the possibility of awkwardly-tied or mussed ribbons, and every one can be made at home with the least trouble.

A girl under seventeen does not wear pearl beads unless they are in a single stand. After this age a close string of small pearls is permissible, and this looks as pretty on a lace day waist as around the bare throat. The white and pink coral chains for these older girls, as well as the newest gold ones, are very long.

A bangle bracelet of plain gold is a direct beautifier of any bare arm whether it is thin or plump, and with the short sleeves now worn a bracelet may be called a necessity.

A pretty rosette, buckle, or bow for dainty dancing slippers shortens the apparent length of the foot; certain ones even make the foot seem more narrow, and all the little slipper fixings are very smart and much worn.

BRIEF CHANGE AS REVIVER

Nothing So Rests and Recreates the Weary Mental and Physical Faculties.

When beginning to feel fagged, try the reviving influence of a brief change. Nothing so rests and recreates the weary mental and physical faculties.

If you have been writing or reading, for instance, take a long look at the farthest distance possible—perhaps a look toward the hills whence cometh our help."

If you have been sitting, stand up, straighten the knees firmly, curve the waist line in at the back, bring the chest up, press the neck against the collar; if standing drop into the easiest chair available and relax all over.

If you have been talking steadily for some time, keep silent for a few moments; if you have been steadily, silently concentrating on some piece of work or problem, find respite in a few moments of chat or light reading.

If you have been working with hand or brain reverse the process for a little while. A few minutes of deep breathing near an open window is the finest "rester" of all.

Two busy business girls frequently indulge in what they call their afternoon "refresco," borrowing the term from the Spanish-American countries, where cooling drinks of some sort replace tea as a mid-afternoon solace. They exchange a quip, a jest, a funny story, talk for a moment or two of some light, refreshing subject, perhaps plan some pleasure excursion or diversion for the future. Then—and only the briefest time is thus consumed—they go back to work much rested and refreshed. Here is a youth and health keeping hint worthy of note.

WASHINGTON'S FALSE TEETH

Ingenious Dentist Undertakes Then Unusual Task of Replacing Lost Molars.

It may not be generally known that the Father of his Country was one of the first Americans to wear artificial teeth. By the time the war of the revolution had ended he had parted company with most of the outfit which nature had given him. An ingenious physician and dentist of New York City undertook the then unusual task of re-equipment, and produced at length a full set of artificial teeth. These are now, of course, a dental curiosity, and offer an additional proof of the heroism of the first president of the United States for it is a matter of fact that General Washington wore those teeth for many years and, so far as we know, never complained of them.

The teeth were carved from ivory, and riveted, wired, and clamped to a somewhat ponderous gold plate. Three large clamps, in particular, figure conspicuously in the roof of the mouth, and must have caused difficulty, if not anguish. There were an upper and an under set; and the two were connected and held in position relatively by a long spiral spring on each side.

Nevertheless, Washington wore them long and well; a fact sufficiently attested by the worn and dinted condition of both teeth and plate.

At the last account these teeth were the property of a dental institution in Baltimore.

Hat Wearing and Draughts.

Draughts in parliament are credited with partial responsibility for members' custom of wearing their hats, which some, however, have even regarded as inherited from the old open air moots. But privilege and tradition are factors also. When 14 years ago it was proposed at the London county council to start hat wearing because of the draughts at Spring Gardens, the council decided not to "ape the manners of parliament." Lord Onslow nobly declined to make a party question of "a natural infirmity like a bald head." Formerly fear of draughts led to the wearing of hats even at dinner, though it was good manners not to put on your hat until your host did. Pepys records catching a bad cold "by flinging off my hat at dinner, sitting with the wind in my cheek."—London Chronicle.

An Oil-Concrete Road.

The first stretch of oil-concrete highway to be laid in Pennsylvania has just recently been completed on the Harrisburg-Linglestown road. It is about a quarter of a mile in length and is between Progress and Paxtonia. The oil-concrete road is an experiment on the part of the State Highway department, which in 1907 rebuilt the highway from the eastern terminus of the city to Paxtonia. The section just laid replaces a quarter of a mile of road constructed of concrete. The new section of road is made of concrete into which are mixed asphaltic oils. The top surface is not arched so much as the rest of the road, the crown being constructed on a basis of three-eighths of an inch to a foot. The crown is the same as that used in laying a brick pavement.—Philadelphia Record.

Tunnel Between Sweden and Denmark

The Swedish parliament is at present discussing the projector's submarine tunnel between Sweden and Denmark. The undertaking is intended to enable the military forces of the three Scandinavian countries to cooperate in time of war. The tunnel would probably be made between Copenhagen and Malmo.

CAP and BELLS

LOST A GOOD OPPORTUNITY

Newly Married Man Riding Through Tunnel With His Bride Is Made Butt of Joke by Friends.

They had just been married, and were off on their honeymoon. They found an empty compartment, but just as the train was about to start in jumped three of his workmates, who were delighted to see them. But Bertie was otherwise.

As the train was nearing a very long tunnel, the three young men began to make bets as to how long it would take them to go through it.

No. 1 reckoned five minutes, No. 2 five and a half, while No. 3 gave it as his opinion that it would be quite six minutes. They pulled out their watches, and the train dashed into the tunnel.

When they came out at the other end, the three were laughing heartily, but Bertie failed to discern any joke.

At the next station, to the great relief of Bertie the three unwelcome intruders alighted.

He turned to his blushing bride.

"Fancy, dearest," he said, "six minutes in that tunnel! If I had only known, I should have kissed you several times."

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "didn't you?"

Then it dawned upon him where the joke came in, and his dear little wife had to rebuke him on account of the forcibleness of his remarks.

Side Show Troubles.

"Where is the 'flea circus?'" demanded the visitor to the side show. "I see it is advertised on the program."

"Sorry, sir," wailed the big man in the silk hat, "but there won't be any 'flea circus' today."

"And why not?"

"Because a cat just passed through and eloped with the whole blooming circus."

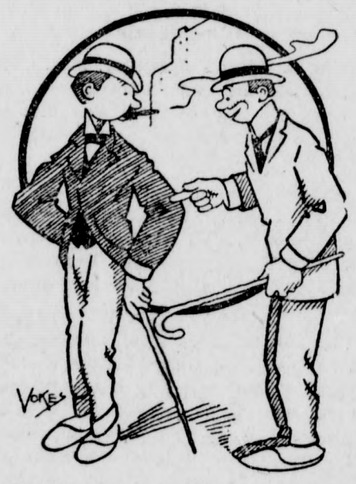
A Born Copper.

"Now," said the new policeman who had been assigned to night duty, "ain't there a drawer or some place where I can lock up my watch an' money till I go off duty?"

"Keep 'em on you," suggested the chief.

"But my beat's in a tough part of town an' I might be robbed whilst I'm dozin'."

SUREST THING.



Political Orator—There are too many rich men in politics.

Politician—I've done all I could to make 'em spend their money.

Saves Time.

"Pipps is not one of those fellows who hangs his clothes on a chandelier when he goes home about three o'clock in the morning slightly the worse for wear."

"No?"

"Pipps goes to bed with his clothes on."

Courtship.

"Then the duke and the heiress will not wed?"

"Seems not. The thing was mismanaged on both sides. The continental newspapers failed to co-operate properly with the American press."

A Cruel Compliment.

"Glad you are going to make such an appropriate match, Miss Oldgirl."

"Oh, thank you so much. But why do you think it so appropriate?"

"I heard you were engaged to a dealer in antiques."

Could Be Worse.

"His wife makes him stand around, and that's no joke."

"Standing around is not so hard. She might make him move pictures."

Decoration for Fur Hats

THE home milliner has been able to find a turban covered with fur of almost any description and almost any shape. The matter of trimming it at home is a problem of easy solution. Fur turbans are not exactly trimmed—they are decorated. The soft shapes, made without wire, carry bows, rosettes or motifs, applied flat to the body of the hat; or tinsel and silk roses, a smart cockade or an aigrette fastened on with an ornament, all easy to procure and the trimming easy of accomplishment. Fashion permits the trimming to be placed anywhere, from back to front, at the sweet will and sense of style possessed by the wearer.

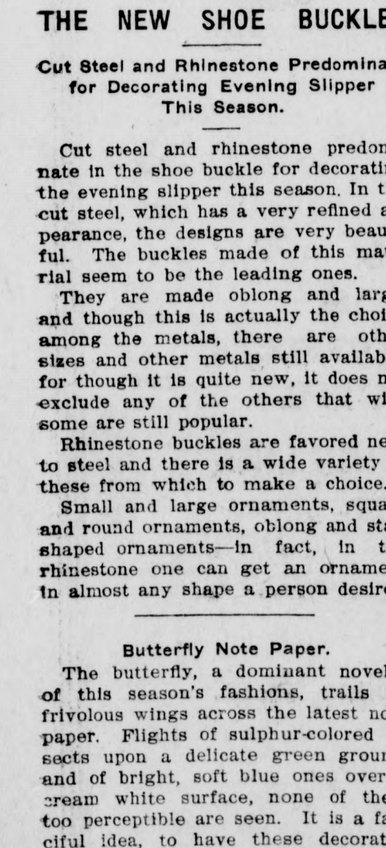
Where the turban is made by covering a buckram shape with fur, plumes and fancy feathers, wings and ribbons are all available. The soft caps are more simply trimmed.

Soft caps of fur or fur fabrics are easily made at home. The crown is in four sections, like a boy's jockey cap and the brim a slightly curved collar which is wide enough to turn up about the crown. This is lined with silk or satin. A fine wire may be introduced in the outside brim edge to advantage. It should be put in between the fabric and the lining, and will serve to keep the hat shapely.

Such hats of plush or fur are very comfortable—a real protection to the head, and the becomingness is a new discovery. It is all in adjusting the right shape to the head in the right way.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CHECKED SILK WAIST.



This most attractive waist is of checked old blue and white foulard, with pretty yoke of old blue cashmere. The guimpe, undersleeves, and frills are of white tulle. The girdle is of plain blue liberty.

THE NEW SHOE BUCKLES

Cut Steel and Rhinestone Predominate for Decorating Evening Slipper This Season.

Cut steel and rhinestone predominate in the shoe buckle for decorating the evening slipper this season. In the cut steel, which has a very refined appearance, the designs are very beautiful. The buckles made of this material seem to be the leading ones.

They are made oblong and large, and though this is actually the choice among the metals, there are other sizes and other metals still available, for though it is quite new, it does not exclude any of the others that with some are still popular.

Rhinestone buckles are favored next to steel and there is a wide variety of these from which to make a choice.

Small and large ornaments, square and round ornaments, oblong and star-shaped ornaments—in fact, in the rhinestone one can get an ornament in almost any shape a person desires.

Butterfly Note Paper.

The butterfly, a dominant novelty of this season's fashions, trails its frivolous wings across the latest note paper. Flights of sulphur-colored insects upon a delicate green ground, and of bright, soft blue ones over a cream white surface, none of them too perceptible are seen. It is a fanciful idea, to have these decorated missives as frivolous and brief as their own short lives.

CONCERNING USE OF PLUMES

Newest Trimming in Millinery Shows Styles Such as Our Mothers Never Dreamed Of.

The newest trimming in millinery emphasizes the use of plumes. Such plumes! The word conjures up an infinite variety of styles of which our mothers or grandmothers knew nothing, and fair women of today can be doubly grateful for the efforts of milliners.

Garlands of plumes are used on broad, low hats. They are spotted and flecked with color, and some are made of layers of different shades, giving a wonderfully irridescent effect.

On velvet turbans the use of a single plume attached at the front, and extending toward the back in a slanting line, is quite evident. This line for the plume is used on large hats as well. And speaking of the wide, flat shapes leads us to the introduction of ostrich feathers to edge the brim. Two successful Paris milliners have done this with great effect.

Feather rosettes are made of ostrich plumes. Concentric circles of cut feathers are placed around a jeweled center. At the side of a turban or on the upturned brim of a large velvet hat this new type of ornament is extremely chic.

A feather band is being used on many large hats. Black and white plumes are favored for these ornaments. They are detachable, hooking at one side. This idea is attractive, for a change of trimming means a change of hat.

To Freshen a Lace Waist.

A tight-cut lingerie waist of white lace and embroidery gains wonderfully in elaborateness by the addition of the latest French fancy. This is a broad band of net in a pastel shade, embroidered in soutache braid of the same color and applied just over the bust. With this is worn one of the new neck scarfs of chiffon, in a color that exactly matches and with the ends embroidered in the soutache. Both of these are easily made up at home by any clever needlewoman, and will go a long way toward hiding the deficiencies of a pretty but aging lingerie waist. The chiffon scarf is especially charming when embroidered its entire length with large coin dots in satin stitch.

Cretonne Lampshades.

The very newest and prettiest thing in home decoration is the lampshade of shirred cretonne or flowered silk. For these, heavy wire frames are purchased, the round shape being the best. The cretonne or silk is then shirred tightly under this frame, and clamped or glued to it. A narrow border of furniture gimp conceals the joining place.

In tapestry, this variety of lampshade becomes really gorgeous. The idea, of course, can be applied in any of these materials to candleshades as well.

SERVING HAM FOR LUNCHEON

Directions for Preparing Some Simple but Delicious and Tasty Dishes.

For luncheon, grind the ends of a boiled ham and mix it with a button onion that has been chopped fine and a little minced parsley. Put the mixture into a pan with a little butter and moisten with hot water or cream. Simmer four or five minutes and then heap on slices of toast.

For curly bacon, cut it very thin and half cook it in boiling water. Then curl it, fasten it in shape with a toothpick and broil it over the fire.

A little grated American cheese mixed with the minced ham used in a sandwich is delicious if the sandwich is fried brown and served very hot.

Sliced ham is more tender if it is baked than if fried. Cut a slice three-quarters of an inch thick, put it into a small agate pan, turn three-quarters of a cupful of milk over it, cover and bake for an hour and a quarter, basting every 15 minutes with the milk.

Cold cooked ham is tasty if it is shredded and cooked in currant jelly sauce. Put a cupful of the shredded ham into a saucepan with a level tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of currant jelly. As soon as the jelly and butter begin to bubble add four tablespoonfuls of sherry and a seasoning of paprika. Simmer the mixture about five or six minutes and serve with toast.

BOON TO WINDOW WASHERS

Can Go About Work Without Fear of Sudden Death on Pavement Below.

Much of the risk in the calling of window cleaning has been eliminated by the invention of a New York man. This invention is a safety appliance which enables a window washer to go about his or her work without fear of meeting a sudden and horrible death on the pavement, 18 or 20 stories below. First there is a belt, with rings around it. Then there is a cable of two strands which join in a loop to

Hook Holds Worker Fast.

which a hook is attached. The cable fastens to the belt by the rings. The washer straps the belt around his waist and takes his position on the window sill. The cable, as shown in the illustration, hangs inside and the hook can be anchored to some heavy piece of furniture or to another hook in the floor or surbase near the window. While this device was designed primarily for professional window cleaners, it will be found useful in private houses, especially where the servants are timid.

Mince Meat.

Two bowls of finely chopped meat, four bowls of apples, two bowls of raisins, one bowl of currants, one bowl of sugar and one-half bowl of suet, one-third pound of citron, one-half cup of New Orleans molasses, two teaspoons of mace and two of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, two nutmegs, salt. Mix all together, add cider, and cook thoroughly. This recipe has been used by many good cooks and has been found to be an excellent one. The "bowl" referred to holds one and one-half pints.

Cafe Noir.

Put three tablespoons of finely ground coffee in the top of a French coffee pot. Pour over half pint boiling water. Do not allow the coffee to boil. After it has run through into the space below pour off and run through the top a second time. This should be done four or five times. Always be sure to have a cover for the spout. The coffee pot should be carefully scalded before it is used and be kept bright and free from grounds. This amount is sufficient for a small family, as it is served in tiny cups.

Baker Apple Slump.

Take a well buttered deep pudding dish and slice into it enough tart, juicy apples to fill. Season with cinnamon and nutmeg. Sweeten plentifully, add a tablespoon of butter, cut in little bits, and cover with a soft biscuit dough, stirred to a consistency to pour, but not roll. Bake in a hot oven and serve with a hard sauce or foamy as preferred.

A Delicious Roast.

Arrange alternately slices of fresh pork. Between which put a dressing made as for stuffed meats, tie together and steam through until tender. Remove top cover of dripping pan and let come to delicate brown. Lay on lettuce leaves and serve with tomato sauce.

CHOSE POOR TIME TO JOKE

Street Car "Humorist" Found That He Had Run Against the Wrong Woman.

A young man with a bouquet done up in tissue paper and a line of talk he thought was funny came to grief on a trolley car that runs from New York to Flushing over the Queensborough bridge.

The car was crowded and he hung onto a strap and started to talk to his nearest strap-hanging neighbor. His conversation was interspersed with a few jokes that were considered good when Jo Miller was a babe in arms. Still, he proved they were good by telling them loudly and getting a laugh or two. It encouraged him, and he continued:

"Now, is a man stood in the middle of a bridge that was 200 feet long and was ten feet high, what would his name be?" he asked.

The man next to him gave it up.

"Murphy," was the answer.

"Why Murphy?" inquired the other.

"Because his father's name was Murphy," said the entertainer.

"I don't see that," said the other strap-hanger.

Having got this one past, and noticing that a young woman laughed, he announced he was in favor of woman suffrage.

"I think every woman should vote. Women ought to vote," he said. "She should stop going through our pockets and learn to have some respect for the ballot and leave the money alone that a man gets by voting. Who made woman? God made her, and then he sat down and laughed about it when he saw her."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said a woman of athletic build. And she arose in her seat and smashed his hat down over his eyes. Then she added: "You're a loafer."

Some one opened the door and she pushed him out upon the rear platform, saying:

"If you come in here again with your insulting remarks, I'll see that you are thrown off the car."

Like many others that have been licked, he failed to come back.

A Good Parry.

Dr. Charles F. Aked, discussing his recent good-natured controversy with Father Bernard Vaughan, smiled and said:

"I have a great respect for Father Vaughan. He is one of those clergymen who never lose their temper. It is of him—is it not?—that the story of the thousand-year indulgence is told.

"'What will you reply to this father?' a controversialist demanded. 'On my last visit to Rome I saw on a church door a table of indulgences, and in this table a remission of a thousand years of punishment was promised for one lire.'

"The controversialist bent forward, believing he had scored a splendid point.

"'Yes, father,' he repeated, 'a thousand years off for a single lire! What do you say to that?'

"'What do I say?' the priest cried, gayly. 'Why, I say it was dirt cheap. What more would you want for your money?'"

She Knew.

Chief Joe Engleman, leader of the Miamis, was talking in Peru, Ind., about his tribe's claim against the government.

"We Miamis will never fall into the same trap twice," said, in the cultivatted tones of a university man, the handsome chief. "We know from experience what to expect. We are like the beautiful girl who accepted the hand of her millionaire employer.

"'Yes, Clarence,' the girl said, patting the millionaire's scant gray hair, 'I will marry you, but I have one request to make.'

"'Name it, my love,' said the doting old man.

"'Let me select,' she replied, 'my successor at this desk.'"

Automobile Lunches.

A man who detests what he calls picnic food—otherwise the cold food usually eaten at luncheon time when motoring—has hit upon a plan by which it is possible to have hot lunches when stranded far from home.

Glass jars are filled with hot soup, coffee, chocolate, or any desired beverage, another contains hot chicken terrapin, lobster newburg, creamed crab, dried beef, or any dish that can be prepared ahead of a meal.

The jars are then put in by the engine of the motor, and when wanted are found to be as hot and delicious as when packed.

Not Progressive.

"I am afraid that revolutionist's ideas of statesmanship are very crude," said one South American statesman.

"What's the trouble with him?" rejoined the other.

"He insists on using a shotgun instead of a repeating rifle."

Exhausted.

"Mister Grocer, ma says send her a can o' peas an' a pound o' butter an' five pounds o' sugar an' charge it!"

"Lucy, you run right back and tell your mother we are just out of charge it."

Impoliteness.

"It was very impolite of you to talk so loud at the theater."

"Impolite!" replied Miss Cayenne. "You ought to have heard what some of the actors were saying!"

Two Pretty Petticoats

THE garment shown on the left might be made in nainsook or batiste; it has a shaped flounce connected to the upper part by a narrow beading, through which ribbon is threaded and tied in a bow at the back; three tucks are made at the edge of flounce, a frill of embroidery or lace trims the edge.

Materials required: Four yards 44 inches wide, four yards lace.

The one on the right is a good style for zephyr; it has a pretty flounce composed of two parts; the upper part is cut in vandykes, with a button in each point; the lower is then slightly gathered on, and a narrow frill is sewn at the edge.

Material required: Four yards zephyr 42 inches wide, one dozen buttons.

EASY TO THREAD NEEDLES

Useful Device That Should Find a Place in Every Woman's Work Basket.

Here is a useful device invented by a clever woman. It should have a place on every woman's sewing table. Get a block of wood two or three inches square, a double pointed tack (like the kind used in matting) and a small folding reading or magnifying glass.

Open the glass and lay the cover on top of the block of wood, let the glass project its full size over the size of the block, then fasten in place with the tack. If a block of wood is not obtainable use an empty spool of basting thread size.

When you want to thread a small sized needle hold the needle and the thread under the glass and you will have no trouble in getting it through the eye. When you use the machine tip the block over near the needle and save time and trouble there also.

These blocks are invaluable for elderly women and those too busy to bother with threading and unthreading needles continually. A good plan is to thread before starting to sew all the needles with their different kinds of thread and silk that you are likely to have use for.

The Wedding Ring.

The little circlet of gold, so dear to a woman as the token of the affection of the man she loves has its origin in very ancient times. Its very shape, without beginning or end, is symbolic of constancy and indicative of the true and lasting love which is the foundation of a happy union. Thus the gift of a ring has come to mean more than an ordinary gift of friendship with all nations, and so important an event as the giving of an engagement ring has in some districts given rise to superstitious observances.

In former times the ring was given as the betrothal and was then worn on the fourth finger of the right hand. till the bridegroom transferred it to the fourth finger on the left, at the instruction of the priest, on the wedding day.

Evening Wraps.

Many of the new evening wraps, particularly the broadcloth ones, are almost in Louis XV. style, with a rather tight belt around the waist and long slashed sleeves with lace ruffles. Empire wraps are also seen, mostly in chiffon and linon and matching the frock, or else in black. Mauve is another general favorite for these. Gilded evening coats of corded silk are a pretty novelty, and so is pink crepe, lined with black chiffon or soft silk. These last-named capes are usually draped in one of the charming fashions which have the advantage to the home dressmaker of being simplicity as well as beauty itself.

Checked Goods.

A very pretty idea for trimming a blouse or frock of small checked goods is to work the alternate squares in solid stitch, using either white, the color of the check or some other color, as desired. Wall-of-troy border patterns can be worked in this way, simply using the squares as guiding lines. With a featherstitched Pierrot collar of white lawn, a pretty blue-and-white or pink-and-white check challis, for instance, would then be complete.

Elastic Ends.

Odds and ends left from the silk elastics used for round and strap garters need not be wasted. Instead, sew the piece left into a narrow overcasted seam, and you have a good holder for bundles of patches, stockings that are sorted but not darned, and rolls of old linen and muslin.

The New Veilings.

New veilings show interwoven circles as large as half a dollar, and close rows of lattice work with a thick spot at each intersection.

A STUNNING COSTUME.

Laying a Hem.

A housewife who makes her own table linen and towels has hit on a trick to lessen the labor. She adjusts a small hemmer and a fine needle on her sewing machine, removes the thread from the upright and runs the napkin or whatever it is, previously cut by the drawn threads through the hemmer. This simple method of turning the hem and pricking the stitch holes makes the handwork very easy. Running the cloth through the machine, too, takes out the stiffness.

Cheap Cuff Links.

Cuff links of good quality are far from inexpensive, and the inferior ones mounted in brass are apt to stain one's linen. A good substitute is to purchase the pretty pearl buttons which sell two for 5 cents; choose either the kind with shanks or with holes. Whatever style is chosen, bind them in pairs with a loop of silk cord to form sleeve links. They will be found serviceable and neat. Buttons that have been tubbed are not so desirable, as washing destroys the luster of the pearl.

Cameo Brooches Come Again.

Huge cameo brooches of former days are now once more brought out for the trimming of dresses. One of the latest freaks is to have a monster cameo within a gilt frame and a circle of enamel in the color prevailing in the gown. It is then inserted as a buckle in the soft folds of the girdle, forming a shield in the center of the back, the front being left plain.

Remove Ink Stains.

To remove ink stains from table linen and other white articles, squeeze the juice of a fresh lemon over the stain; let it remain on a minute; then rinse in warm water, and the stain will have disappeared.

Hemstitching Used.

Sleeves, tunics and skirts of chiffon are now finished with hemstitching, an odd bit of needlework above an opaque hem, which, by the way, is often edged with fur.

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FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1911.

REVOLUTIONARY GUNBOAT ARRESTED BY U. S. CRUISER

Ceiba Has too Many Military Officers Not Enough Ordinary Soldiers.

Ceiba, Honduras.—Great excitement was caused here when it became known that the United States cruiser Tacoma had "arrested" the revolutionary gunboat Hornet at Troxillo. It is not known what effect the seizure will have on General Bonilla's operations. Reports have reached here that for more than a week he has been mobilizing troops at Nueva Armenia, 28 miles east of here on the coast, preparatory to an attack.

Ceiba appears to have more generals, captains and other minor military officers than ordinary soldiers, and the Government has experienced considerable trouble in enlisting loyal privates. Trenches have been built on the outskirts of Ceiba and Government officials express confidence in their ability to defend the town.

Smugglers Cache of Opium Discovered.

San Franisco.—More than $17,000 worth of opium, which was hidden aboard the Pacific Mail liner Korea, was seized last week by the customs inspectors, who discovered the smugglers' caches in two hitherto untried hiding places aboard the vessel which they were searching. Customs officials assert that this is the biggest seizure of opium ever made in this port, and they are of the opinion that it is the biggest single seizure of opium ever made in America.

Masked Bandit at Capitol.

Washington.—A masked bandit with a revolver in each hand entered the billiard room of the Varnum Hotel, at 10 o'clock one evening last week, and ordered the eight persons present to hold up their hands and allow him to make the search of them for money and valuables. All hands went up, but the bandit managed to get only through one victim, from whom he got $6, before he was interrupted. The police are still looking for him.

Johnson and Langford to Fight.

Philadelphia. — Jack Johnson will meet Sam Langford before the American Athletic Club at Philadelphia within the next six weeks. Jack O'Brien, who runs the club, got the men to agree to a six round bout. While the figures have not been given out it is understood that the men will fight for a $10,000 purse, and that each will be required to deposit $2500 within the next week.

Dead Man and Revolver.

Salinas.—The body of a well dressed man, about 55 years old, was found in the sand dunes near Moss Landing with a bullet hole through the temple. He had been dead several days. A revolver lay beside the corpse. No means of identification was found on the body.

Yuba and Sutter Lands.

Marysville.—Since the beginning of the year there has been a noticeable increased activity in the sale of farm lands in Yuba and Sutter counties. Local real estate dealers are kept busy locating newcomers on small farms.

New Treaty With Canada.

London.—The London Times prints a Washington dispatch saying that the United States and Canada have fully agreed upon a reciprocity treaty. The terms of the agreement are not given in the dispatch.

Car Accident Proves Fatal.

Oakland.—Mrs. Elizabeth Wallace, wife of James Wallace, a retired merchant of San Franisco, died at Fabiola Hospital from a fracture of the hip sustained in a fall from a streetcar several weeks ago.

CLERK HAS TROUBLE

Man Who Handles Mail Finds Many Queer Missives.

Mostly Due to Carelessness, But Idiotic Addresses and Various Kinds of Cranks Add Greatly to His Confusion.

Washington.—It does seem an easy matter to address a letter properly in order that it may slip through Uncle Sam's postal mill as speedily and safely as possible. No racking of the intellect is required in the process and but little physical exertion—simply the inscribing of a name and address. Yet in the face of this, ask the man who superintends the sorting of the mail in the city post office about it and if he does not throw up his hands and fervently cry: "Our lucky stars preserve us from those who don't or won't know how to address a letter!" it will be because he is too busy to do more than think his opinion.

Of the thousands of letters which go through the office weekly it is surprising to learn that hundreds of them, through faulty addresses, cause the post office people almost as much trouble as the handling of those that are in proper form. And the acts of this same class are also the most potent factor in keeping the wheels of industry humming in the dead letter office all the year round.

Carelessness on the part of letter writers is the cause of the appearance of most of these bothersome missives, and in this line Washington is entitled to a seat in the grandstand, as the records of the office will show. It is the careless person who drops a letter adorned with a stamp but unadorned with an address into the box; it is a kindred spirit who mails a letter to a friend in some distant city which the writer locates in a state having no such city within its borders.

Have to Fill in City.

It is one with a similar failing who directs his letter to a certain street and leaves a blank space below for the post office officials to fill in any city or town it may occur to them the street is situated in. It is carelessness that brings to the post office a neatly addressed and stamped envelope which is, however, unsealed and destitute of contents, just the sort of an affair to cause a fearful breach between two correspondents, one angry because of an unanswered letter and the other indignant because his tale of the empty envelope is discredited. But to tell of the devious and aggravating ways of the careless letter writer would take a day in itself.

Ignorance also plays its part in the letter game, as a few select specimens will show. It was certainly an ignorant person who not long ago addressed a letter to "His honorableness the President," leaving it to the superior wisdom of the postmaster to guess whether the letter was a petition to the president of the United States for a position or an appeal to the president of a glue trust for a job as laborer.

Childlike Faith of Some.

Ignorance or a childlike belief in the supernatural powers of the postal officials also inspired the following effusive, though vague, inscription of a rather dirty envelope dropped in the main office:

"To my cousin, Martha Small, who lives in Organ and who was goin' to move to Montannel."

Another missive with a nomadic address was odorous with mystery. It was directed:

"Samuel Kramer, Milwaukee, Wis. If not, try Columbus, O., or maybe Dallas, Tex., or perhaps, Bangor, Me."

A piece of handiwork worthy of the immortal "Handy Andy" is exhibited by a letter which, besides the stamp, bore only on its face this writing:

"If not delivered in ten days, postmaster will please open and return as per address inside. Stamp inclosed."

But it is not the careless and ignorant alone who clog up the postal machinery and cause the letter men to give way at times to an inclination to use words of lurid tinge and emphatic meaning.

There is a vast and growing army of cranks who seem to live only for the purpose of using the mails in their own peculiar idiotic way. In the operations of some of these there is a studied fiendishness that would suggest a gigantic conspiracy to drive postal clerks to an insane asylum or the clammy tomb.

In the first place there is the puzzle crank, who imagines that two-cent stamp gives him the privilege of displaying, at the expense of the postal officials, his marvelous powers as an enigma maker. This is a fair sample of his work:

"F. (color) H. (Second President.)
"Seventh President,
"10——S——C."

The envelope ought to have gone into the waste basket, but Uncle Sam's orders are to use all possible means to find the party to whom a letter is addressed. So finally a reformed puzzler in the office deciphered the address to be: "Fred H. Adams, Jackson, Tenn."

Crank Who Writes Poetry.

Next in degree of abhorrence in the minds of the letter handlers is the poetical crank. He is strongly impregnated with the idea that all the world loves a poet, and that, above all, postal clerks need some intellectual refreshment to ameliorate the hard grind of daily toil. One of these disciples of Silas Wegg caroled as follows lately:

Oh, carrier with the willing feet,
Deliver this on Fiftieth street;
The number, thirteen twenty-four;
The town, New York, and on the door
You'll find, set in a silver frame,
That which you seek—a person's name—
James Ipson Strong—who'd want a better?
And 'tis to him I send this letter.

Another allowed himself to overflow with a fragment built on the same lines as the effervescent college yell. It ran:

Harper's, Harper's,
In Franklin square,
New York, New York,
With haste and care.

The envelope was bulky and surely held manuscript—undoubtedly a poem on spring—but whether that diabolical bark resembling the ululation of a mountain wolf on the war trail was to drive the post office to unusual exertions in forwarding the letter, or whether it was to convince the publishers that author was a rough and ready genius of the west, who would not brook refusal of copy, can only be conjectured.

It would be supposed that the crank bent on addressing a letter to himself and have it come back after a journey around the world resembling a porous plaster from postmarks is dead. It has been announced officially scores of times that letters mailed for such a purpose will be returned to the writer by the speediest route—that is, by local carrier. Still, the round-the-world crank is on the hustle and as eagerly bent on wasting postage stamps.

REBUILDING THE TREASURY.

The contractor who is remodeling part of the United States treasury, has begun the installation of three new vaults in the big building. Two of the old strong rooms in the subbasement and one in the basement are being torn out and will be replaced with modern steel structures, which will be guarded by an elaborate system of electrical devices. In making these alterations, the new vaults will be built in the west side of the treasury, and after their completion the money and express business which now enters the treasury on the Fifteenth street side will go into the building by the west side. One of the old vaults in the basement is to be entirely removed and will not be replaced.

When a small army of architects and artisans finishes the work now in progress the beautiful old structure will show the first material changes since 1869. Architecturally, it will represent a pagan temple, or, as many folk say, the American people's worship of money.

The nucleus of the present building, located where President Jackson, irritated by the procrastination of congress in choosing a site, put his hickory stick down with a thump and exclaimed, "Put 'er there, on that spot," will remain unchanged, but the double stone staircase leading up to the colonnade on the Fifteenth street side has been torn away. Architects said it spoiled the beauty of that side of the building.

The 30 granite monoliths, each of which cost $5,500 and weighs 30 tons, now stand in an unbroken row. They are said to be the finest example of their kind. It required ten men working 60 days to produce each of them, and a solid train of 30 flat cars brought them to Washington from the quarries in Massachusetts.

The appearance of the front of the treasury has been marred, the artists say, by the commercial aspect which the scores of trucks and wagons backed up to the curb gave to it. When it is finished the big three-horse truck, which brings up its rich cargo of currency every day to the vaults from the bureau of engraving and printing, will carry its precious load practically into the building, instead of depositing it on the sidewalk. Express wagons which carry off hundreds of valuable packages will do the same.

To give more space inside the building, all the files of letters and documents will be stored in the old coal vaults under the lawn on the Pennsylvania avenue side, and new coal vaults are being built on the side opposite the White House.

The completed building, as it stands, represents three stages of construction. The nucleus was located by Jackson and finished in 1842. The south wing was finished in 1864. The north wing, finished in 1869, is on the site of the old state department building.

The long colonnade of sandstone, erected in 1864, deteriorated in the southern climate, and was replaced by the present granite monoliths a little more than a year ago.

KICK ON A REFORMATORY.

The members of the Mount Vernon Ladies' association are kicking very hard against the probable establishment three miles from Mount Vernon of the District of Columbia reformatory. Nobody ever wants a reformatory planted any ways near them, anyhow, and it does seem particularly out of place to put such an institution on the ground hallowed by the great Washington; but in this year of our Lord, when money and how to make it is the know-all and be-all of the human creature, you could very easily look for anyone to take the Mount of Olives for golf grounds or an Italian garden, so in all probability the Washington Reformatory will be established as a next-door neighbor of Mount Vernon, if the people who want to put it there have not enough money to pay for the land upon which to establish it.

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AUNT PENELOPE MAN-HATER

By JOHN PHILLIP ORTH

My Aunt Penelope is peculiar. She hates men. When I went to visit her at "The Hayfields," as she calls her remote little home, I knew that I would not see a man. She is also averse to newspapers; consequently I prepared for a month of martyrdom and rest cure, but whirlwinds always seem to be in my wake, and the night I arrived things began to happen, and they kept right on happening.

A child—girl of course—that Aunt Penelope had adopted came down with scarlet fever and we were all quarantined, which struck me as rather humorous, for we never went anywhere, and no one ever came past "The Hayfields"—the road ending in a cow path..

I thought maybe I would have the diversion of a flirtation with the country doctor, but Aunt Penelope sent for a woman doctor.

On the day the quarantine was lifted I went for a long walk. I came to a wild ravine and then to a bridge on which was a rustic seat. I sat down and tried to concentrate my eyes and thoughts on a book which I had brought with me, but the day and scenery invited reveries.

I was far away in a beautiful castle of the air when I heard a tramping sound, a rush and loud shouting. I jumped to my feet! Was I asleep, or out of my mind? From the woods beyond were coming hundreds of brown-uniformed men, while down the road came long files of blue uniforms. I heard a bugle, ringing orders shouted, and then the crash of rifles.

I didn't know which way to go or what to do, so I went to the middle of the bridge and screamed. On came the troops with their thundering, roaring racket. Everything was turning black before my eyes when a long, slim man in the brown uniform dashed ahead, caught me up with a strong

Was I Asleep or Out of My Mind.

right arm and swept me down into the ravine just before the opposing forces met on the bridge.

In the midst of my terror I was vaguely conscious of my rescuer's epaulets with the two bars.

"What is it?" I gasped. "What does it all mean?"

"It means that we must take this bridge. You are all right now. You won't faint?" he asked anxiously.

"No," I answered, weakly. "You see, where I live—at 'The Hayfields'—we never hear anything, and there are no newspapers, and we've been in quarantine, so I didn't know there was war."

He looked at me oddly.

"Walk on a little distance and rest under that rock," he advised. "I must go back now."

Breathless, on the verge of exhaustion, with unsteady limbs I reached "The Hayfields" and with twitching fingers fumbled at the door.

"Aunt Penelope," I said, faintly, "there's war! The armies are right here. I got into a battle on the bridge. I would have been killed but a captain caught me and bore me away just in time to save my life. Oh, I can't tell you! It was awful!"

I sank into a chair, speechless. Aunt Penelope took my hot, trembling hands.

"She's got the fever," I heard her mutter.

"What ails her?" asked the servant, Susan Hannah, who was deaf.

"She's out of her head," yelled my aunt. "She thinks she's in a battle."

"I was!" I insisted. "The captain said so. He had to leave me to care for the wounded. He's the surgeon. If we could only get a newspaper we'd know what was going on in the world."

"You come to bed," said my aunt, sternly.

I was so tired and so frightened I didn't care whether she believed me or not.

It was sunset time when I awoke. I heard Aunt Penelope yelling to Susan Hannah:

"Dr. Elveretta Hodges has gone away on a vacation. I have sent to a town for a doctor—any doctor. I suppose it will have to be a man! Brother Henry would never forgive me if I didn't have a doctor."

Presently I heard a deep, manly voice below and Aunt Penelope exclaimed: "At last! The doctor!"

She ran downstairs and I heard Susan Hannah come to meet her.

"It's the doctor, but he's in a uniform, and he's got on a sword! Maybe there is war!"

I was so excited and so expectant I sat up in bed, a vivid flush spreading from neck to brow and my eyes glowing.

In a few moments Aunt Penelope came in, looking pale, and followed by—my captain-surgeon!

"You see, she's out of her head!" warned Aunt Penelope.

"I am not!" I assured him, indignantly. "I told her about the war and how you saved me from being killed, and so she thought I was delirious and sent me to bed. I went to sleep because I was so tired from running. Do tell us about the war and what it is about!"

"Nonsense!" snorted my aunt. "It's an encampment of the National Guard troops and it was a sham battle, or a maneuver, or something of that sort that you saw."

"It was a lovely one, anyway," I said, ecstatically, thinking it too good to be true that so many men were in proximity to "The Hayfields."

Meantime the military surgeon was feeling my pulse and looking straight into my eyes.

"I find—temperature," he said to my aunt. "The excitement and fright were too much for her nerves. May I have a glass of water and a spoon?"

When she had left the room I reminded him that I was not ill, only frightened.

"But you might be ill," he said, earnestly, "and you know the old adage about prevention. Moreover, I would like to come tomorrow to see how you are, and maybe by the next day a ride would be beneficial."

"Your prescriptions are promising," I said, gravely, "but how did you happen to come? Who told you I was ill?"

"I met a man headed for town, and he told me he was going to fetch a doctor. He also gave me a vivid account of the nature of your illness. Feeling responsible for your condition in a measure, I informed him that I was a doctor, so he showed me the way here. He gave me a graphic description of the entire household. Really, I think a mild restorative would help your nerves."

"Yes, I do feel ill," I replied hastily, hearing Aunt Penelope's approaching steps.

After he had administered a seemingly harmless mixture and had left a few instructions, he took his leave, assuring my aunt that he would call in the morning.

Aunt Penelope seemed so agitated that my contrition awoke, and I was on the point of confessing to the deceptions of my malady when she was called from the room. Susan Hannah immediately entered, looking mysterious.

"Your aunt," she said in a stage whisper, "is all broke up."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, ain't you never heard tell about her being crossed in love when she was young?"

"No," I exclaimed, interestedly, finding at last the reason for her antipathy to men.

"Well, she was, and him a soldier, too. Seein' your man brung it back."

"In the Civil war?"

"Civil war!" scornfully exclaimed Susan Hannah. "It was the war with Cuby, of course. Your aunt's only thirty-five."

"Only!" I thought, with a shudder.

"He deceived her, and so she said she wa'n'a never goin' to hev nuthin' to do with men folks, and she never has. That's why she lives off here."

I had enough new food thought to stay awake that night, but I imagine my military surgeon put a little sleep inducement in his mixture, for I slept until morning. I arose and dressed in my most becoming gown and went serenely down to breakfast.

"Kathleen, are you sure you are all right?" asked my aunt.

I assured her that I was, but I wasn't quite normal when my attending physician came in riding boots and sans sword. Aunt Penelope actually let me receive him alone, and took her agitation to the kitchen.

"You are decidedly better," he approved. "I thought you would be, so I brought a saddle horse for you."

Aunt Penelope's parting admonition had been that I must be gone only half an hour, so I went in the house at luncheon time with doubts as to her attitude toward me, but she hurried past me to the porch.

"Captain!" she called, sweetly.

He was about to mount, but came back and stood at attention, meekly awaiting his sentence.

"I hope," she said, suavely, "that you'll be neighborly while you are in camp. I should be pleased to have you come over this evening."

His eyes brightened and he eagerly accepted her invitation.

In apprehension I sought Susan Hannah. She was also excited and resorted to the stage whisper, although Aunt Penelope was way down in the garden.

"A spell after you had left," she said, "he came!"

"He? Who?"

"Why, whom do you suppose? Major Lyndon. He's a friend of your beau and he told Major Lyndon about you and spoke of your aunt, so over he came this morning to patch it up. It seems there was one of them mislaid letters or some of them things that happen in books, and he thought 'twas her had went back on him. Now it's all fixed fine, and he's a-comin' tonight along with your man."

"A call to arms at 'Hayfields!'" I ejaculated, as I began to concoct a salad dressing.

The Hermit of Rocky Hole

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Stevens panted into the sitting-room where her boarder was sewing in the sunny bay window. It was Saturday and the school-teacher's holiday.

Grace Winton looked up from her mending and smiled at Mrs. Stevens' eager countenance. "You look as if you had news to tell," she suggested, threading her needle.

The other woman tossed aside her knitted shawl and warmed her hands at the drum stove where the apple-wood smoke curled fragrantly from the cracks. "There's more news than common," she wheezed asthmatically. "You've heard tell about the hermit of Rocky Hole?" she asked.

"I've heard the children tell tales about such a person," admitted Grace, with interest. "I thought he was a mythical personage—is there really an hermit in Pendleton?"

Mrs. Stevens nodded her head emphatically. "I should say there was! Rich, too, and lives in that cave high up on the west mountain. Rocky Hole, they call it, because you can't get anywhere near it without being heard; there are so many rocks around they go tumbling down the hillsides at every footstep you take. He's mighty unsociable, too, they say."

"Hermits have that reputation, I believe," said Grace demurely. "Do tell me, is your news about this hermit?"

"Yes. You see, he's been coming here for years. Every spring when the first robin comes that hermit makes his appearance; nobody ever gets very close to see him for he has a big dog to keep folks off. And I don't know how he gets his foodstuff because he don't trade in the village—maybe lives on roots and berries and such truck. He's an old man with a long white beard and he walks with a stick as if he were lame."

"What becomes of him in the winter?" asked Grace curiously.

"Some say he goes to the city and plays an organ on the street corner. I've heard those folks make lots of

"Do You Want to Go on a Picnic With Me, Lon?"

money. He owns half the mountain, they say. Well, what I was going to tell you about is this: Mr. Lane, the storekeeper, says he believes the old man is sick or dying or something."

"Why?"

"Somebody heard him calling for help yesterday morning, some hunter who was passing along the upper road that's seldom used—it leads almost underneath where the Rocky Hole is. So the man hollered up and asks if anything is the matter. Just then the hermit began to throw stones down on him, round stones, big enough to knock a man senseless. So the hunter says, says he, 'Go to the dickens—I guess there ain't much the matter with you!' Mr. Lane says there wasn't any smoke coming from the mountain this morning and he reckons something's the matter."

"What is going to be done about it? Surely, somebody will go up and see the old man," said Grace pityingly.

"I don't know who wants to get stoned. Maybe he's crazy—like as not he is. Anybody who'd want to live where there wasn't nobody to talk to must be crazy! There I've got a cake to make now to take to the meeting—we're going to pack a barrel for some of them savages; you want to come, Miss Winton?"

The school-teacher was looking off toward the west mountain slopes with misty eyes. She turned her head to Mrs. Stevens. "Not today, thank you," she said gently. "I'm going on a little picnic this afternoon—with one of my scholars."

"It's a nice day for a picnic if you're well wrapped up. There's plenty in the pantry to put in your basket and you can help yourself, you know," said the other hospitably.

An hour after dinner, Grace Winton set forth with a covered basket on her arm. She stopped once or twice and made additions to the generous lunch Mrs. Stevens had provided, a can of soup and a glass of jelly from the grocery and a bottle of blackberry wine from the little drug store. Then she walked briskly over the bridge, turned into the road that led past the mill and hailed the miller's little lad who was fishing in the rumbling stream.

"Do you want to go on a picnic with me, Lon?" she called.

"Yes, ma'am," he called delightedly and after obtaining permission from his mother he joined his teacher and together they walked through the woods where the fallen leaves crisped under foot and where the odor of birch and sassafras smelled strong and sweet.

"Lon, do you know the way to the hermit's cave?" she asked quietly.

Lon stared at her with paling cheeks. "You're not going there, Miss Grace?" he faltered.

"Yes, I am, my dear. If you don't go with me and show the way I must go alone, for an old man is hurt there and perhaps dying. Before we enjoy our own picnic we must see him. You can turn back now if you want to." She looked at him, confident of his answer.

"You can't go alone, Miss Grace; he might hurt you. I'll go with you; if he throws stones I'll—I'll lam him one!" Lon frowned fiercely at his imaginary foe and thoughtfully cut himself a stout stick with a knobby handle.

"Thank you, dear," said Grace. "I was sure you'd go along to take care of me."

Lon straightened his shoulders and his ears reddened with pride and embarrassment as he led the way through a tangled thicket and by devious other ways until they stood in a narrow path, well defined and covered with a clear white sand.

"That leads to the cave," whispered Lon cautiously. "Me and some fellows found it one day—it comes from over the mountain—I guess that's the way he goes to and fro. We was after bird's eggs last summer—there's millions of birds around here—and the old man came and chased us off."

Grace reserved her reprimands for some future date and told Lon to go ahead and she would follow. At last, they stood before the mouth of the cave which opened onto a plateau covered with small loose stones of various sizes. Their carefully guarded footsteps sent several stones rattling down the hillside with a suprising din. A dog barked hoarsely.

"Who is there?" called a feeble voice from within the cave.

"Friends!" replied Grace cheerily "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes—fell and sprained my ankle yesterday and I've been suffering tortures since then. I've tried to get help from outside but everyone acts so confoundedly idiotic every time a stone rattles down the hillside that I'd about given it up. Wait a moment please and I'll come out."

"He's got a nice voice," whispered Lon to his teacher as they waited for the hermit's appearance.

"Very likely he's the nicest old gentleman you ever met," she smiled back at him. "Here he comes now."

With that expression of tenderest pity lighting her face Grace Winton saw a man drag himself painfully from the opening of the cave. Her eyes widened as she realized that this was no old man—young, handsome and athletic looking, the picture of health, save for a certain drawn look in his face that intense suffering might have placed there, he half crept, half hobbled to a sitting position in the mouth of the cave and then he fainted dead away.

When Grace and Lon had recovered from their astonishment and bent themselves to resuscitate the stranger, the boy spoke:

"This isn't the hermit, Miss Grace."

"Never mind," she said absently, as she propped his head against her shoulder and forced some of the blackberry wine between his lips. "He's in need of help anyway. Unbandage his ankle, Lon—carefully my dear—there, it is black and blue and dreadfully swelled. Can you fetch water from the stream? Doesn't it run above here?"

Lon dashed away with a pail and when he returned with the icy water he found the young man recovered and rather ashamed of his momentary weakness. Sitting with his injured foot in the cold water he told the two that his uncle, the hermit, was none other than Waynewood Stone, well-known ornithologist who had used the cave as a summer point of observation to study his beloved birds. Now that the old man was crippled with rheumatism and confined to his beautiful city home, this nephew, Frank Stone, had come to take his uncle's place and gather the necessary data for the old man's forthcoming book of bird-lore.

"Now we must get a doctor up to you at once," said Grace, preparing to leave after Mr. Stone had wrung the story of their coming from her unwilling lips. "And you will want a man to keep house for you if you insist on remaining up here—Mrs. Stevens' son might come and take care of you."

"I believe I'll get the doctor to take me down to the hotel in Pendleton," said Stone thoughtfully.

"There ain't no birds down there," ventured Lon diffidently. "Leastways not new ones."

"There is one new to me—a winter red bird," returned Stone without looking at Grace, as she hastened away, her heart fluttering with his warm thanks of appreciation.

"I'm glad I'm not an old hermit," he added to himself as he waited patiently for the coming of the doctor.

Months afterward, Mrs. Stevens held up her hands in astonishment. "Land alive, Miss Winton, now that you're going to marry Mr. Stone, there won't be no hermit that can live safely on the mountain—all the girls will be going up there to see if he ain't as rich and good looking as your husband!"

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MR. MERIDITH LEARNS

By STANLEY BARTON

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John Meridith, of Moore & Meridith, at the sudden death of his father came into possession of his father's share in this furniture manufactory. Young Meridith knew about as much about the making of this line of goods as he did about the scientific production of Cheshire cheese, which was nothing at all.

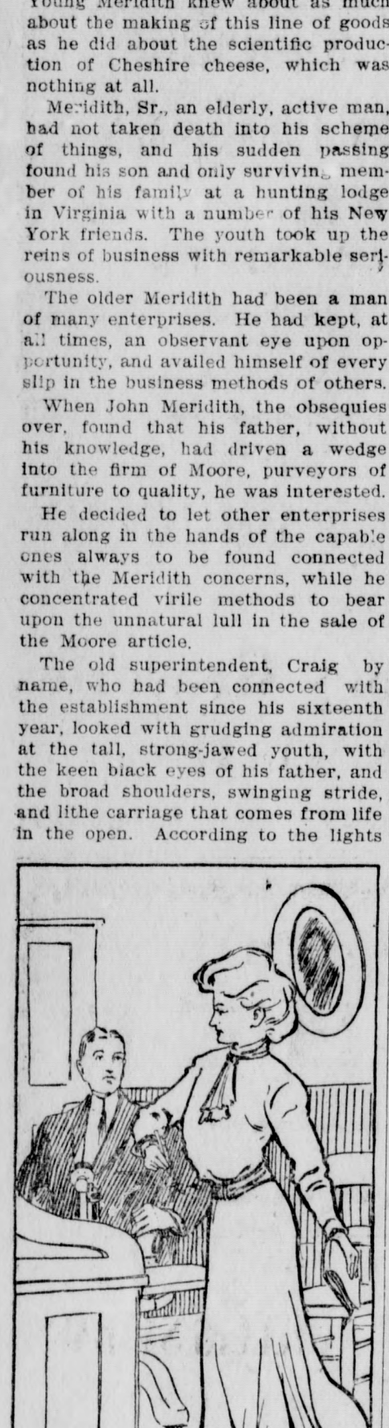
Meridith, Sr., an elderly, active man, had not taken death into his scheme of things, and his sudden passing found his son and only surviving member of his family at a hunting lodge in Virginia with a number of his New York friends. The youth took up the reins of business with remarkable seriousness.

The older Meridith had been a man of many enterprises. He had kept, at all times, an observant eye upon opportunity, and availed himself of every slip in the business methods of others.

When John Meridith, the obsequies over, found that his father, without his knowledge, had driven a wedge into the firm of Moore, purveyors of furniture to quality, he was interested.

He decided to let other enterprises run along in the hands of the capable ones always to be found connected with the Meridith concerns, while he concentrated virile methods to bear upon the unnatural lull in the sale of the Moore article.

The old superintendent, Craig by name, who had been connected with the establishment since his sixteenth year, looked with grudging admiration at the tall, strong-jawed youth, with the keen black eyes of his father, and the broad shoulders, swinging stride, and lithe carriage that comes from life in the open. According to the lights



"Will You Never Learn Your Lesson?"

of this old man, the egotism of this boy was nothing short of sacrilege.

"Where," asked John Meridith, upon his first trip to the factory, "is S. M. Moore?"

"In New York city," answered the old man slowly. "I would like to tell you some things about your partner, Mr. Meridith, if you care to listen. I—"

"I wouldn't," snapped the son of his father. "I make it a point never to hear gossip. At your age, Craig, you should be above such things."

The look of surprise on the old man's face was followed by a sudden flush of anger. He eyed Meridith peculiarly, and bowed low.

"You own three-fourths of this plant, Mr. Meridith. Your word is law. I apologize for my ill-advised words."

"Well, don't let it happen again," interrupted Meridith, half pacified. The old craftsman bowed again and left the office.

Meridith settled immediately into harness. A letter of condolence upon the death of his father reached him from S. M. Moore, but no mention of business was made therein.

"Too much blue blood in the veins of these Moores," commented Meridith.

On the fourth morning after the beginning of the youth's activities he, as usual, called in the stenographer who always took down his letters. The summons failed to bring the time-faded automaton with the accurate pencil whose ability he had so admired. Instead came a young girl with frightened blue eyes. She approached the mighty presence. "I am Miss Thomas, the new girl," she explained.

Meridith eyed her critically. "Where is Miss Nast?" he asked.

"She is ill. I believe I can take your dictation accurately."

Meridith rapidly began on his letters. Occasionally he favored the girl with an analytical glance. Her calm, classic profile was ice cold, as she interested herself in the business at hand.

"Is that all, sir?"

"It is," answered the youth, "and I wish to congratulate you on your rapidity. Hereafter you will take my letters. Please remember."

He turned quickly to resume his work, so quickly, in fact, that he did not catch the scornful little smile that touched for a passing second the perfect lips of Miss Thomas.

A bright memory of the pretty stenographer lingered to haunt the young man. This irritated him. "I am getting sentimental," he ruminated. "But by Jove, that girl certainly has all the hall marks of a thoroughbred."

Meridith's egotism received a hard jolt in his dealings with the customers of the Moore-Meredith product. Instead of increasing business by his new ideas, trade lessened. Old customers—almost always good for a substantial order each month—curiously cut Moore-made stuff from their buying list, nor could the concern's salesmen win a reason from them.

As time went on, Meridith's interest in his stenographer increased. She was a dainty maid, calculated to win the regard of any and every one. She won more than this from her employer. The first letter dictated was to a well-known jobbing house in New York city.

"M. Cronin & Co.," began John Meridith. "We can't understand this sudden severance of business relations existing between our firms. We have had no order from you for two months. Will it be against the ethics of your house to furnish us a reason?"

A startled exclamation caused him to look up at the transformed face of the girl.

"And so you have lost Cronin, too?" stormed a thoroughly angry little voice. "Will you never learn your lesson?" The maid drew herself to her full height and stamped indignantly from the room.

John Meredith wondered why he did not become angry with this ridiculous girl, and again probed for a reason for her sudden rage. Meridith's admiring eyes had noted the superb queenliness of Miss Thomas. It was the revealing touch. At last John Meridith, millionaire and young business man, realized that he loved. He reached out and touched the button.

Miss Nast responded to the summons.

In answer to the disappointed question of her employer, the older woman explained that Miss Thomas had left the building.

"But she will come back, of course?"

"I don't think so," came from the old stenographer. "At least," she continued, "not in her former capacity."

"What do you mean?" Meridith stared.

"I mean that Miss Thomas is Sylvia Moore when she is at home, and that she has been playing at stenographer just for her own amusement. In reality, she could take her place here as a partner. In her father's last days she always had a desk here."

"Do you know her address?" demanded Meridith, curtly.

"Eighteen Nork avenue, I think."

Without a word, the youth picked up his hat and left the office.

"Miss Moore, began Meridith, in the reception. "I have come here to apologize. In your eyes I must seem to be a young fool, and—and I guess I am. It has just come to me why I am a failure. "I wanted to take an old business, established in the infancy of our country, apply my upstart name to it, and keep the goods on the market, expecting them to carry the same prestige with the trade. From now on, the firm is as it was before my father obtained control—the Moore Furniture company. I obliterate myself."

As the hurried and humble apology of the man clattered on to its end, the angry eyes of the girl took on a different light. Her cheeks crimsoned.

"That is good of you," she said, in her vibrant low voice. "And I am sure that it will pay you—us."

"Since I have been in the office," continued the youth, "I have learned to think too much of you to let you go. Miss Moore—Sylvia—may I call on you once in a while in—in the interests of business, you know?"

The girl laughed; a little low laugh of delight—and something else. "If—if you care to risk it," she whispered, "but I warn you—I have a terrible temper!"

THE VARIETIES IN CHEESES

How Made, What Produces the Distinct Flavors and Where They Come From.

The difference in cheeses is sometimes confusing to those who have not access to a large market. Edam, pineapple, Parmesan and Roquefort are hard cheeses; Neufchatel, cream and cottage cheeses soft. Genuine cream cheese is made from a rich cream thickened by souring, or from sweet cream thickened rennet. Neufchatel is a soft rennet cheese made from cow's milk either whole or skimmed. Cottage cheese is made from sour milk without the use of rennet. Roquefort is a hard rennet cheese made from the milk of sheep, the name being derived from the village of Roquefort in the southeastern part of France, where the cheese is ripened in caves or natural caverns. Edam is a hard rennet cheese produced in Holland and is made from unskimmed cow's milk Parmesan is an Italian cheese known for centuries in that country as Grana, the term referring to the granular condition of the cheese. It is so hard, cutting is practically impossible, and we get it in this country grated in bottles. This cheese is made from skimmed milk. Pineapple cheese is said to have originated in Litchfield county, Connecticut, and is a hard rennet cheese made from cow's milk. The flavor of different cheeses is given by the method of ripening, due to the action of bacteria. Hard and soft cheeses differ mainly in the fat constituents and methods of manufacture, but most of all in their keeping quality, the hard cheeses keeping for a protracted time.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

A New Year's Eve Party.

This really clever affair was original with the hostess who gave it last year. It came to my notice too late for use then, so here it is now, all fresh and newly embellished. There were twelve guests with the hostess. Each one was assigned a month in the invitation and she came dressed to represent that month. Then each girl had the privilege of asking a man who was to come representing an event or prominent person associated with the month represented by his "fair lady."

On arriving it was most interesting to see the way the girls took to represent the months and their escorts the events. For instance, an animated firecracker accompanied "July," a "Santa Claus" came with "December," who was clad in pure white with a chaplet of holly.

There was an informal dance, and at 11 o'clock refreshments were served. The guests all watching the hands of the clock, at five minutes before 12 all arose, joined hands and sang, "Auld Lang Syne." As the hour sounded the hostess opened the front door for the passing out of the old year and the entrance of the little New Year.

There was a fortune cake containing a good wish or prediction for each guest. The latter were tightly rolled and concealed in gilded nut shells. The place cards were cut in bell shape and had little calendars on them tied with a knot of red ribbon. The one who guessed the most "events" or characters was presented with a wee traveling clock; the other two prizes were calendars.

New Year's Reception.

New Year's calls, like many other good old fashions, are returning to favor, and it is now quite the thing to give receptions on the first day of the year. Especially for debutantes is the time auspicious, for the men have no excuse to offer for not being present. The hours are from 4 to 7 and the opportunity is great, for everyone is apt to be in a holiday humor. After the reception an informal dance may follow with only ices served. The Christmas greens are in evidence, with mistletoe hung in bunches fastened by scarlet satin ribbons.

There was an old custom that said mistletoe only should be used at Christmas, but the old legends say that Christmas lasts until the 6th of January, or "twelve night," so I say make the best possible use of the mistletoe, as there is something very fascinating about its waxen berries combined with holly.

Some Good Games.

Here are some very old games, but I am sure they will be brand new to many of our young readers. The first is called "Catching the Snake's Tail" and comes to us from Japan, where it is a great favorite. The children form in line, each with hands resting upon the shoulders of the player in front. The one who is to act as "catcher" is left out. The first child in the line is called the "head" and the last one the "tail." The "catcher" is placed about fifteen feet from the "head," and at a signal he tries to catch the "tail," or the last child in the "snake" without touching anyone else. The others may defend the "tail" by moving about, keeping the line unbroken, for if the line should be broken it is equal to the "tail" being caught, and that unlucky person must become the catcher while the last named goes to the head of the line.

Now for the second game, called "Feather Play." It is very amusing, although it sounds so simple. All the players are seated on the floor, having first counted "out" to see who will be "it." A hollow square is formed with a sheet held close up to the chins of the players on the floor. A feather is produced, a little downy thing, and blown back and forth by the players. The child who is "it" is to try to catch the feather on one of the children or directly in front of a child when that one becomes "it." The feather must not be touched by the hands of the children on the floor, nor must they rise from the floor; their hands must be kept under the sheet, all manipulations of the feather being done by blowing.

A Jolly Celebration.

A reader writes: "Last New Year's night we had such a jolly time I want to tell you about it for the benefit of all the department readers who may want a real frolic.

"I asked the guests, who were all intimate friends, to come dressed like children not over 10 years of age. At the top of each invitation card was written:

Backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight.

"There was a lawyer, a minister, and several prominent business men among the guests, who came garbed as boys; they called each other by their front names, each brought a toy and all entered heartily into children's games. A picnic supper was served on the floor in a room decorated with small trees in tubs, ferns and palms. This was supposed to be a 'grove,' and there were signs up like these: 'This way to the swimming hole.' 'Look out for the dog,' etc. There was stick candy, gum drops and heart motto candies. The women brought dolls and played 'Come to see' most naturally, as most of them had youngsters to keep them in practise. We had a spelling bee, and sung the songs of our school days. The party went down into history as one of the best the hostess had ever achieved, which is saying much, as she is noted for her original schemes."

MADAME MERRI.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Now doth the busy card fiend commence her winter's work.

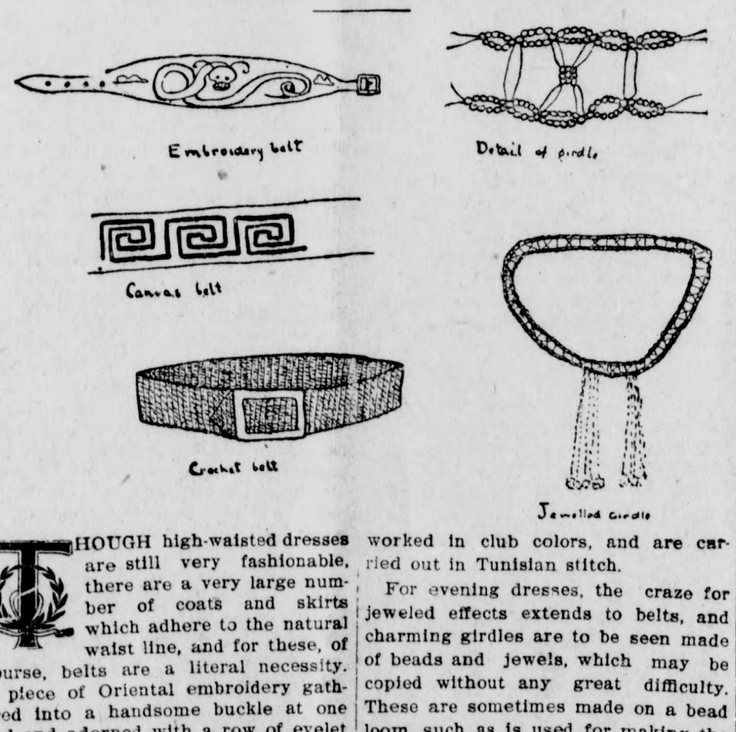
While the weather is very pleasant, it is also very enervating.

Lapis-lazuli is enjoying a revival for earrings and brooches.

Brocades shot with metallic effects make regal looking gowns.

Chantilly lace veils, in colors matching the costumes, are exceedingly chic.

Embroidered Belts



THOUGH high-waisted dresses are still very fashionable, there are a very large number of coats and skirts which adhere to the natural waist line, and for these, of course, belts are a literal necessity. A piece of Oriental embroidery gathered into a handsome buckle at one end and adorned with a row of eyelet holes at the other makes a very effective belt.

For morning wear a belt of linen, worked with broderie Anglaise, is both useful and pretty, and has the additional merit of washing easily, whilst canvas, worked in cross-stitch or Roumanian stitch, is extremely effective, and very quickly worked, red and blue ingrain cotton being perhaps the best material in which to execute the embroidery. The sporting, golfing girl usually delights in a belt of crochet worn with a neat shirt and a tie to match, and these belts are often worked in club colors, and are carried out in Tunisian stitch.

For evening dresses, the craze for jeweled effects extends to belts, and charming girdles are to be seen made of beads and jewels, which may be copied without any great difficulty. These are sometimes made on a bead loom, such as is used for making the chains and necklaces that are worn so much just now, but there are plenty of exceedingly effective designs which may be quite easily carried out with an ordinary needle and cotton. The foundation cotton needs, of course, to be really strong, and it is best to use thread or fairly thick silk for the purpose, whilst the beads will, of course, be of a color chosen to match the dress. Another pretty belt for evening wear is embroidered in gold thread in a conventional design of flowers and leaves, the former being then filled in with sparkling jewels.

GOOD IDEA OF PHENOMENON

Workingman Explains in Characteristic Way His Definition of an Extraordinary Occurrence.

A workman, endeavoring to explain to one of his mates what a phenomenon was, made the following attempt:

"It's like this. Suppose you were to go out into the country and see a field of thistles growing."

"Yes," assented his friend.

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that's quite clear," agreed the old man.

"But suppose you were to see a lark singing away up in the sky."

"Yes."

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that also seems clear."

"But imagine there is a bull in the field."

"Yes," his friend could imagine that

"Even that would not be a phenomenon."

"No."

"But now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles whistling like a lark—well that would be a phenomenon!"

OBJECTIONABLE IN EITHER CASE.

Grace—Why did she break the engagement?

Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.

Grace—What of it?

Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

She Declared.

Mrs. Myles—When she arrived from Europe Miss Fussanfeather failed to declare some of the new clothes she brought over with her.

Mrs. Styles—And did the customs inspectors discover anything?

"Oh, yes."

"And what did she say?"

"She merely said, 'Oh, I declare!'" —Yonkers Statesman.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Shortcash, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Shortcash. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."

In Olden Days.

Xerxes was in merry mood.

"You have an extraordinary name," remarked the friend, "but what is in a name, anyway?"

"Well," laughed the ancient man, "there are a couple of X's in my name, and they come in handy these days."

And then Xerxes went out and bought himself an overcoat.

Caution.

"What makes you keep singing when you go into the woods?" said one hunter. "Don't you know it will frighten the deer?"

"Perhaps," replied the other. "But it will also help to prevent my being mistaken for one."—Washington Star.

Autos and Mules High.

Church—Increase in the number of automobiles in New York is not bringing down the price of horses. The average price for a horse is $119 and mules cost $14 more.

Gotham—The more things balk the higher they come.—Yonkers Statesman.

Working Backward.

"Political campaign calculations," remarked Professor Tallbrow, "are a distinct branch of mathematics."

"How so?" was asked.

"You begin with the answer, then work backward for the purpose of evolving a problem to demonstrate it," explained the professor.

He Knew Her.

"Better give up that yonug man, daughter. You aren't really interested in him."

"But, papa, I have decided to marry him."

"Yes; but you haven't changed your mind two or three times."

Striking an Average.

"Ella Wheeler Wilcox says there is too much talking in the world."

"Well, if talking was an indictable offense Ella would have a hard time proving an alibi."

"But look at the talking that Mr. Ella Wheeler doesn't do."

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

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Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

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—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Humorous and the Witty Story.

The humorous story is strictly a work of art—high and delicate art—and only an artist can tell it; but no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story—understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print—was created in America, and has remained at home. —Mark Twain.

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Rise early in the morning, not only to avoid self-reproach but to make the most of that little life that remains; not only to save the hours lost in sleep, but to avoid that languor which is spread over mind and body for the whole of that day in which you have lain late in bed.—Sidney Smith.

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Grass Used to Make Matches.

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HEALD'S AUTO SCHOOL 425 McAllister Street San Francisco

OLDSMOBILE Howard Automobile Co., 523 Golden Gate Ave., S. F. Tel. Market 1556

SPLITDORF Magnetos and Magneto Spark Plugs San Fran. Branch 520 Van Ness Ave.

SUPPLIES for Motorcycles, Bicycles. John T. Bill & Co., 357-9 G. G. Ave., San Francisco.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

S. F. N. U. - - - - - No. 4, 1911

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

THE EDIBLE BIRD'S NEST

Demand Exceeds Supply and Commodity Sells as High as $25 a Pound.

Edible bird's nests are found in the islands off the coast of Siam and are the products of a species of birds belonging to the family of swifts. The nests consist almost entirely of the salivary secretion of these birds, whose salivary glands are much more developed than those of the ordinary swift. The season for the gathering of the nests begins in April and ends in September.

The female bird, occasionally assisted by the male, makes the nest. About three months are spent by the birds in completing their first nest, which is taken by the nest gatherer before eggs are laid in it; then the birds immediately begin to make another nest, which is finished in about 30 days, and which is also taken. Finally a third nest is made in about three months, in which the bird is allowed to rear its offspring, after which this nest is also gathered. Each family of birds thus furnishes three nests in one season. The nests taken at the beginning of the season are considered the best in quality.

Most of these edible nests are consumed by the Chinese, who regard them, not only as a great table delicacy, but also as a valuable tonic medicine in neurasthenia and pulmonary disorders. It is said that the demand in Hongkong for the nests exceeds the supply and that prices range from $15 to $25 per pound, according to quality.

The Table Groaned.

"There are several names for it," explained the talkative boarder; "it may be called the dehorned conundrum or the amputated conundrum or the half point conundrum. It's a conundrum that has had its enacting clause stricken out. Here's a sample: The one is a Barkis that's willin', and the other is a Willis that's barkin'."

"But what is the question that goes with it?" asked the argumentative boarder.

"There isn't any question that goes with it. It has been deprived of its interrogation point. That is why it may be called a half point conundrum."

Nobody said anything in rejoinder. But the table groaned.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Firmness Not Stubbornness.

There is a vast difference between stubbornness and decision, between firmness and what is termed "pigheadedness." The decided man has thought out his course and sticks to it for good reasons. The stubborn man insists on having his way merely because it is his way.

To Cure A Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Common Names.

The commonness of the name John is due to the fact that 49 days in the year are associated in the Roman calendar with some saint, martyr, confessor or beatus named John, and formerly one took his name from the saint on or near whose day he was born. In Domesday Book William is the comonest name, then Robert, then Walter. Magdalen used at one time to be a fairly popular name.

Appeal Made Effective.

A certain Harford (Md.) farmer has hit upon a mode of relief from trespassing fowls belonging to his neighbors. On one end of a thread four inches long he fastened a grain of corn and on the other end a tag inscribed "Please keep me home." These were scattered where the trespassers were usually found, and a score or more of hens carried home the appeal.

Here's a Comment.

The loud-mouthed bully who blatantly tells a quiet, peaceable man what he's going to do to him, doesn't prove that the quiet man is afraid of him by a long shot. He only proves that he is a loud-mouthed bully, and when it comes to a show-down he's apt to be something of a coward.

It's Different in Life.

"In novels the virtuous hero always waits twenty years for the equally virtuous heroine; in real life neither waits for the other more than 20 minutes, and sometimes not even that, if there is anything more exciting going on."—"Diana of Dreams," by G. B. Burgin.

VITALIZER

RESTORES LOST POWERS. A weak man is like a clock run down. MUNYON'S VITALIZER will wind him up and make him go. If you are nervous, if you are irritable, if you lack confidence in yourself, if you do not feel your full manly vigor, begin on this remedy at once. There are 75 VILALIZER tablets in one bottle; every tablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quack doctors or spurious remedies, or fill your system with harmful drugs. Begin on MUNYON'S VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price $1.00, post-paid. Munyon, 53d and Jefferson, Phila., Pa.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

THE Keeley Cure FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG USING

Over quarter of a century of continuous success. Call or send for printed matter.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
1930 Sacramento St., cor. Broderick, San Francisco, Cal.

Men and Women Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

AUTO GOSSIP.

An interesting feature of the commercial truck contests recently held in New York, Boston and Chicago was the proven efficiency of the various designed commercial tires. Of the several makes used Diamond's came most prominently into notice. This make of tire won first place in two divisions in each of the three contests. Not one of the six winning trucks which wore Diamond equipment experienced a particle of trouble.

Among the American cars which have been used extensively this past season in European touring is the Lozier. According to advices received by Pioneer Automobile Company some twenty Lozier owners advised the Lozier factory of their intended tours of Europe. To meet any possible needs of these tourists supplies of extra parts were shipped to central points in the world, and in every instance these supplies were returned, the boxes in which they were sent, being unopened. Not a Lozier out of all that were used this year in Europe found it necessary to call for an extra part.

Every automobile driver will admit that the efficiency of its accessories plays a large part in any automobile's running ability and that much importance must attach to equipment where a record of any decided merit is made. It is because of this fact that the local branch of the Weinstock, Nichols Company take special pride in the fact that the Caddilac was equipped with a Schebler carbuerator on the record Los Angeles Run.

Since taking delivery a few weeks ago of two Cartercar delivery trucks of 1000 pounds capacity each, the local branch of Hale Bros. has been using the vehicles in particularly strenuous service. These two machines were bought after the purchasers had devoted over a year taking demonstrations from the various commercial vehicles on the local automobile market and a thorough test had been made of the efficiency of all in the delivery service.

The Cartercars were delivered just in time to meet the requirements of the holiday trade. In consequence their loads have been heavier than they would have been under normal conditions and their runs per day unusually long. Never the less they have stood up perfectly under the strain.

Laughter and success go hand in hand, as do grouches and failures.

A Minneapolis mill turns out 17,000 to 18,000 barrels of flour a day.

TRIALS OF THE BANK CLERK

Through Them All He Sticks to Post, Preserves Self Respect and Respect of Others.

One occasionally hears of a defalcation on the part of a clerk in a bank, trust company or other financial institution; but, considering the number of men so employed, the proportion that fail of absolute honesty is small indeed. The young man who is always neat, always courteous, always at his desk to enter your credits or point out your errors seldom forgets that he is dealing with the property of other people; yet as bad influences, as bad environment, as bad examples as are brought to bear upon him from any source frequently emanate right in banking circles, possibly within the very institution which he serves faithfully for a very small salary.

Unfairness in administration is perhaps before him every day; handling of securities and money by the heads of institutions in ways that would be thought improper (not to say dishonest) if employed by the bookkeeper or check clerk is often done with his knowledge and with the knowledge of his fellow clerks; yet he sticks to his post and seldom fails to preserve his self respect and deserve the respect of others.—I. F. Ferris in Leslie's.

THOROUGHBRED ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

"There is as much difference between thoroughbred and ordinary plants as between thoroughbred and ordinary animals." This statement is made by D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, the greatest flower and vegetable breeders in the country, and appears in their 1911 Annual Catalogue just issued. They argue for the great value and economy of thoroughbred seeds. "Any fundamental natural law which applies to animals applies equally to plants." A good cow (i. e. a thoroughbred) eats no more than a poor one, but may give twice as much butter-fat. "Good blood" makes as much difference with corn as with cows. But thoroughbred plants, like thoroughbred animals, are not produced in one or two generations, for no matter how superior an individual of common origin may be, its progeny are as a rule like the general run of its antecedents. Hence the need for seedsmen like D. M. Ferry & Co. They have experience, the best plant breeding equipment in the United States, and the business acumen to sell only such seeds as have been bred from the choicest stocks for many generations.

D. M. Ferry & Co's Seed Annual for 1911 may be had free of charge by writing to them at Detroit, Michigan. It contains much of interest for those who think.

BOYS AND GIRLS GIVEN A CHANCE.

We start them in business. Sell 24 packages of Ford Metal Polish and earn money, not premiums. Outfit free. Ford Supply Co., Dept. 20, Vallejo, Cal.

To Stop Cough In Church.

Every woman has experienced the mortification of one of those exasperating, hacking little coughs which tickle the throat and seem to grow worse the more one tries to overcome them.

They always come upon one just at a time when the kindly cough drop has been left at home and it is impossible to procure the saving sip of water.

Many a woman has hastily left her seat in a church with a red face and the echo of a hacking little cough following her down the aisle and into the vestibule, when the trouble might have been conquered in a very simple way.

A cough drop is not at all essential to the stopping of a tickling cough.

A bit of paper, torn from the corner of a hymn book leaf or an available pamphlet or leaflet, will answer quite as well as the bit of hearhound or licorice, for the action of the throat muscles in masticating the bit of paper and the consequent flow of saliva soon eases the cough, and by the time the paper is reduced to a pulp the cough will have eased, and one's nervousness will be entirely gone.

Do You Know Him?

The musician had delighted her audience for an hour with classic melody, and at some one's suggestion she was now rendering one of her own compositions.

At the close she wheeled suddenly about on the stool 'midst plaudits and general expressions of admiration. Her own little "piece" had struck closer home than the classics.

"Ah," said the listener who had heard the selection for the first time, "that is very beautiful—charming—melodious—it sounds just like something I've heard before."

How Honors Were Earned.

Extracts from old records showing how people had earned the honor in former days, were read at Canterbury, England, and ex-mayors were granted the freedom of the city. One citizen received the freedom for "undertaking to serve as cook at every mayor's Michaelmas feast," another "because he cured Nicholas Johnson's leg," and a third "because he married a widow with a large family."

WOMAN'S ILLS

Many women suffer needlessly from girlhood to womanhood and from motherhood to old age—with backache, dizziness or headache. She becomes broken-down, sleepless, nervous, irritable and feels tired from morning to night. When pains and aches rack the womanly system at frequent intervals, *ask your neighbor about*

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult in confidence by letter *free*. Address World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers *in Plain English* hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent *free* to any address on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing *only*, in French cloth binding.

The Dressmaker's Revenge.

"Ha, ha, I am undone!" gasped the wicked adventuress as she negotiated the final button and sank exhausted on the chair.—Puck.

For over fifty years Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and other painful ailments have been cured by Hamlins Wizard Oil. It is a good honest remedy and you will not regret having a bottle ready for use.

Red meats are less liable to contamination than fish or chicken.

He was an Irishman—you could tell it by the laugh in his eye; also a judge of good whiskey, for he called for Old Gilt Edge.

Cultivate a good opinion of others, and they will have the same of you.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Love and Hatred.

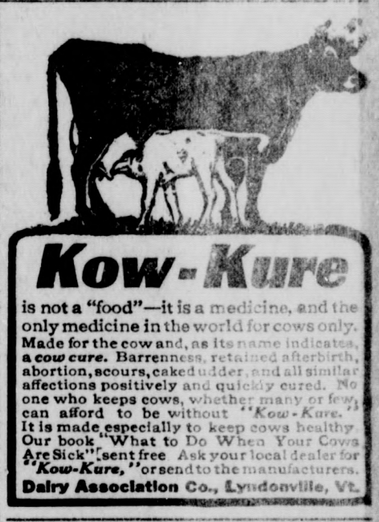
Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.—Buddha.

If Your Eyes Bother You

get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Where the Laughter Ceases.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it is compelled to take the butcher seriously.



Kow-Kure

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a *cow cure.* Barrenness, retained afterbirth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without *"Kow-Kure."* It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "What to Do When Your Cows Are Sick" sent free. Ask your local dealer for *"Kow-Kure,"* or send to the manufacturers.

Dairy Association Co., Lyndonville, Vt.

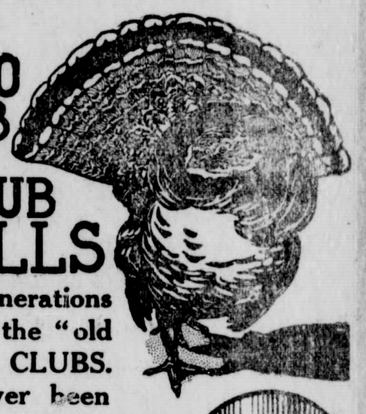
W. B. SUMNER & CO.
220-226 Townsend St., San Francisco
HIGHEST PRICES
CASH paid for Hides, Pelts, Tallow, Wool, Furs and Skins

TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP CO.

Tehuantepec Route
Regular Fast Freight Service
New York to Pacific Coast Ports and Hawaiian Islands—Sailings from New York every six days, making direct connection with Pacific steamers sailing from Salina Cruz, Mexico, every six days for San Francisco.
Pacific Coast Ports to New York—Also to Mexican and all principal European ports under through rate and through bills of lading. Sailings from San Francisco every twelve days.
For rates and further particulars apply to
DEARBORN & LAPHAM, Gen'l Agents, 8 Bridge St., New York
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen'l Agts., Pacific Coast, 310 Sansome St., San Francisco

UMC NITRO CLUB and NEW CLUB SHOT SHELLS



During fifty years, four generations of shooters have sworn by the "old yellow Shells"—UMC NEW CLUBS.

They have never been found wanting where, wary, hard-to-kill game is concerned. Misfires are never thought of with these old reliable, hard hitting shells.

A smokeless powder shell equally popular in its class is the NITRO CLUB Steel Lined Shell. The powder charge protected by the steel lining guarantees a uniform load when hunting under the most severe weather conditions.

"Game Laws 1910" mailed free.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY
Agency: 299 Broadway, New York City

SMOKELESS POWDER — BLACK POWDER

W. L. DOUGLAS

ESTAB. 1876 $3, $3.50 & $4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

BOYS' SHOES, $2.00, $2.50 AND $3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, the superior workmanship and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why Dollar for Dollar I Guarantee My Shoes to hold their shape, look and fit better and wear longer than any other $3.00, $3.50 or $4.00 shoes you can buy.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years; that I make and sell more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the United States? Quality counts. It has made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere. W. L. Douglas, President, Douglas Shoe Co.

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog
W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light-giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Colors more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free Booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

SPRING VALLEY LUMBER YARD

Everything in the Building Line.

Phones { Mission 253 / Mission 5268

2401 San Jose Avenue

Ely and Aeroplane Make Good in Military Tactics

San Francisco.—Eugene Ely of San Francisco made himself the hero of the aviation meet just closed in this city. Not only this, he has brought to himself and his name fame and a place in the world's history.

It was the same Eugene Ely who flew from the deck of a war vessel to land. This occurred several months ago in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when he flew from the Birmingham. His flight of last Wednesday completed the second phase of the problem, flying to the deck of an anchored battleship of the Pacific fleet. He then rose from the vessel and flew back to the aviation grounds.

At exactly 10:45 a. m. the start was made from the field. Fourteen minutes later a wireless message from the Pennsylvania announced that the landing had been made "as lightly and gracefully as a bird"

A wireless message was sent to the ship asking when the return journey was to begin. Captain Pond replied: "Ely will leave in about five minutes. Landing was perfect. Stopped within 25 feet. Wind was on starboard quarter at about 15 knots per hour. Conditions difficult."

In just seven minutes after the receipt of this message Ely was sighted over the San Bruno Hills. He made the return journey in about 12 minutes, and in landing accurately struck the judges' starting line with his front wheels.

An observing person in the grandstand might have been noting during the entire meet that every landing made by Mr. Ely had been on this exact spot, excepting one made in a heavy wind which blew him ten feet beyond the mark.

It now merely remains to try the landings and starts from the deck of a moving vessel at sea. This last stage of the problem is much easier than were the two steps already taken. In fact, the landing made was as difficult a feat as it could have been made.

Parmalee Sets New Record for Endurance Flight

San Francsco.—Three hours and forty minutes in the air is the new national endurance record in flight of heavier than air machines, made by Phillip Parmalee, member of the Wright team, at the aviation meet here last Sunday.

One hundred thousand persons, if the megaphone man at the field knew whereof he spoke, watched Parmalee accomplish the longest aeroplane flight ever made in America. When, benumbed with cold, and with but a few drops of gasoline left in his tank, Parmalee sailed gracefully to earth as possessor of the new American record for duration.

For three hours and forty minutes Parmalee had circled steadily over the aviation field, never turning from the course marked by the pylons and never varying more than a few yards from an altitude which was estimated at something over 500 feet. Half an hour before his descent Parmalee had broken the official American endurance record, and six minutes later had surpassed the unofficial endurance feat of his old teammate, Arch Hoxsey.

CARNEGIE GIVES FORTUNE TO RIGHT WORLD'S ERRORS

An Institution to Perfect Records of Land, Water and the Heavens.

New York.—The donation of an additional endowment of $10,000,000 to the Carnegie institution of Washington by Andrew Carnegie has been announced. This brings Carnegie's gifts to the institution up to $25,000,000.

Coupled with the formal announcement was a declaration by Carnegie that the work of the institution had cleared from blame the captain of a British ship who ran his vessel on the rocks, by proving that the British admiralty charts by which the captain was guided were two to three degrees astray.

The discovery of 60,000 new worlds by Professor Hale at the observatory on Mount Wilson, California, also was announced.

Carnegie also announced that a far more powerful telescope than man has ever made is now under construction for the Mount Wilson observatory.

Carnegie declares:

"The whole world is going to listen to the oracle on the top of Mount Wilson and in a few years we shall know more about the universe than Galileo and Copernicus ever dreamed of.

Doubtless you noticed in the telegraphic news that the yacht Carnegie had just reached Buenos Ayres. That yacht is the first one ever built with bronze substituted for iron; the latter deflects the magnetic needle and bronze does not. The result is that all former observations are inaccurate.

"The Carnegie is going over all the seas year after year, putting the world right. That one service will give ample dividend on the whole $25,000,000 in my opinion.

"But this is not all the institution is doing. It is experimenting in its geophysical laboratory on the rocks and analyzing them and will soon be ready to show a formula for the making of Portland cement or concrete."

Carnegie's latest donation is in bonds. The institution was founded on January 28, 1902, when Carnegie gave to a board of trustees $10,000,000.

Carnegie had written a note to Robert S. Woodward of Washington, president of the institution, telling him of the donation, and this note was on Carnegie's desk when Woodward called on the steel magnate.

"Mr. Woodward," said the iron master, as the president entered, "I am very busy. I need some time to devote to my affairs here, and I dislike to be interrupted. Would you mind waiting in the next room for awhile? And, by the way, here is something that may interest you."

Carnegie nonchalantly handed him the note. While Woodward read of the endowment, Carnegie sat at his desk and chuckled fully five minutes.

RBEELS REPULSED IN MEXICAN REVOLUTION

Yaqui Indians Join Insurrectos---Federal Reinforcements to the Front.

Parral Chihuahua, Mexico.—Following the fight Sunday at Baquirichic, this State, in which seven rebels were killed and ten wounded, the rebels reattacked the town and another fight took place, the rebels losing 14 dead and two wounded. The Federals had two wounded.

Reports that the Tahuamari Indians had joined the rebels were confirmed, as many of them were in both of these fights, the seven killed Sunday being Yaqui Indians. Several years ago these Indians rose in rebellion against taxes, but General Luis Terrazas, father of the present Governor, and then Governor himself, pacified them by granting concessions.

Mayor Valles of this city has been authorized to double the strength of his rurales and has added 35 men to the force.

Sixty cavalrymen were sent from here to Baquirichic to reinforce the small command at that place which fought off the rebels Sunday and Tuesday.

A "Good" Counterfeit Bill.

Washington.—The best counterfeit bill since the famous "Monroe Hundred" silver certificate, turned out by the Taylor Jacobs gang in 1899, has been found circulating in Kansas by the secret service.

A college education never made a fool wise.

COAST HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Recent Occurrences Along the Pacific Slope Related in Brief Items.

Paragraphs Selected With a View to Giving Busy Readers the News in a Nutshell.

Petaluma.—Mrs. Candis Bell, wife of J. W. Bell of Healdsburg, dropped dead of apoplexy while cooking.

Madera.—The explosion of a gasoline tank on a seeder, caused by playfully igniting matches, horribly burned two youths, Otis Russell and Harold Miner, and resulted in their deaths.

Salinas.—Miles E. Wilson, an employe of the Spreckels sugar refinery near this city, received injuries that will prove fatal when he fell from a trestle 50 feet to the ground.

San Jose.—Oscar Headstrom, aged 26, a member of one of the most prominent families in ths city, committed suicide by hanging himself in a clothes closet of his residence. Sickness is given as the cause for the act.

Richmond.—Under the recent decision in the San Pedro and Wilmington cases that the State is the sole owner of tide lands, the Richmond inner harbor project has received new impetus, and added efforts will be made to carry it out.

San Jose.—William T. Warren, millionaire owner of theaters and taxicabs, has announced that he would close his stock theater company and turn the San Jose house, which has been used for vaudeville, into a moving picture theater.

Seattle.—The body of a well groomed unidentified man, who, apparently, had committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid, was found on a pile of lumber at the foot of University street. The only clew is the name of a Fairbanks, Alaska, clothing house on the coat.

Oroville.—The presence here of C. B. Jones, said to be one of the company that recently paid $17 000,000 for the patent of a new concrete tie invented by a San Jose man, has led to the report that the company will open a big cement deposit in the hills above this city.

Long Beach.—The coroner's inquest into the death of John owers, who was allegedly taken for a burglar and shot to death on his own doorstep by Richard Ward, a friend of the family, resulted in a verdict that death was caused by a gunshot wound inflicted with intent to kill.

Richmond.—Another big piece of street work that is made necessary by the expansion of Richmond will be started as soon as the weather clears. This is the grading and macadamizing for a distance of 25 blocks more of McDonald avenue, the main business street of the city.

Colusa.—Rapidly exchanging shots, following an argument over the right to use a net in the Yerxa cutoff near Princeton, John Triez, lessee of land near the cutoff, was shot in the head and badly wounded, and Ben Hammond was hit in the head, but escaped serious injury, in a shotgun duel.

Long Beach.—The unknown woman who was found unconscious on the beach here with a bullet hole in her temple, has been identified as Miss Sarah Cadin of Trenton, Ill. It is believed to be a case of suicide, as the woman had been despondent over the death of her mother six months ago and her own ill health.

Fresno.—George C. Goucher, formerly State Senator and ex-District Attorney of Madera county, passed away at Madera after a long illness. Senator Goucher was one of the best known criminal lawyers in tnis section of the State, and while a member of the Legislature was mentioned frequently as a likely candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

Seattle.—The following message, being sent from Marshfield, Or., to Roseburg, Or., was picked up by the wireless station here. "Have just been informed that the city of Gardiner, Or., is totally destroyed by fire. No doubt many people are in distress. Almost impossible for us to reach them immediately. Think best way to send assistance is by way of Scottsburg."

Oakland.—The two farewell notes which Marie Engel left on board the ferryboat just before she jumped to her death last month were admitted by Judge Brown as the will of the deceased. The letters are in German, and one is written to Mrs. Bulski and the other to Attorney Gutsch. The envelopes are to form a part of the will. The estate, which is valued at about $3000, is left to two brothers in Germany.

WORLD'S NEWS OF THE WEEK SUMMARIZED

Adventures of the Children of Mother Earth Related in Condensed Form

Comprehensive Review of Passing Events in Every Quarter of the Terrestrial Globe.

Marion, O.—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bauer, both aged 24 years, and their baby, were killed by a train while attempting to cross the railroad track in a buggy.

Benton, Ark.—One negro was killed and one negro and two negresses were injured in a race riot here, following a performance by a negro minstrel organization from New Orleans.

Winnipeg, Man.—Fire, which started at midnight and destroyed the Kelly block, resulted in a loss of $400,000. The Dominion Fur Company was the principal loser, their loss being $200,000.

Kansas City.—Mrs. Carrie Nation, who has been ill following a nervous breakdown at Eureka Springs, Ark,. was reported to be worse. She is staying at the home of a physician in Kansas City, Kan.

Rotterdam.—Rembrandt's most famous picture, "The Night Watch," was badly damaged by a discharged naval cook named Sigrist, who entered the Rijks Museum and, with a knife, deliberately slashed the masterpiece.

Mexico City. — Alleged inhuman treatment by authorities of Zecatecas of J. A. Farrell, an American mining engineer, is being investigated by the American embassy, following a protest signed by 80 American residents of El Rio.

Denver.—Executors of the estate of Thomas E. Walsh, the millionaire mining man, were notified by the Assessor of Arapahoe county that a claim for back taxes amounting to $105,000 would be filed against the estate, based on alleged omitted returns on $632,500.

Nelson, B. C.—A Chinese porter in a hotel here committed suicide in a most unusual manner. Being sent to put new fuel in the furnace, he nearly filled the fire-box with wood, opened the drafts and crawled in. An hour after his carbonized body was found.

Marshfied, Mo.—Unwritten law will be the defense of Walter A. Dipley and Goldie Smith, whose trial for the killing of Stanley Ketchell, former middleweight champion, is now on. Attorneys for the defense allege that the Smith woman's common law marriage to Dipley is binding.

New York.—The expected efforts of Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, deposed founder of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of this city, to regain control of the church through the election of trustees, did not eventuate, and the five trustees to fill vacancies in the board of nine were reelected by unanimous vote.

Lafayette, Ind.—West Monon passenger train No. 32, bound from Indianapolis to Chicago, was wrecked at St. Johns, Ind., 33 miles south of Chicago, the locomotive running into a derail and overturning. Engineer James Murphy of Indianapolis was hurt, but the passengers escaped with a shaking up.

Ware, Mass.—Efforts to succor a wounded deer which was floating down Swift river on an ice cake cost Stanislaus Doulan his life. When he observed the predicament of the deer Doulan rushed out on the ice, which gave way beneath him. John Skuse, a companion, was nearly drowned in trying to rescue Doulan.

Washington.— John Turner, seven feet seven inches tall, the giant of the national capital, is dead at the Washington Asylum Hospital and a casket of unusual size is being prepared to receive his body. Turner was 34 years old and has been an invalid from infancy. He could neither read nor write and spent most of his life dozing at various hospitals.

Tulsa, Okla.—One of the livliest merrymakers at a ball at West Tusla was in cowboy suit with a red flannel shirt and wide hat. It was not a masque ball, and the police became suspicious. The "cowboy," when arrested, said she was Mrs. Jessie Denman, wife of a wealthy Montana oil man. She had diamond fillings in her teeth.

Globe, Ariz.—Thomas R. Brown, 28, fatally shot his wife, Alma, in the hallway of a lodging house, and then sent a bullet through his own head. The woman died in half an hour and Brown lived two hours. The couple had been separated six weeks. They were married two years ago, after a brief acquaintance, the woman coming here with a theatrical company.

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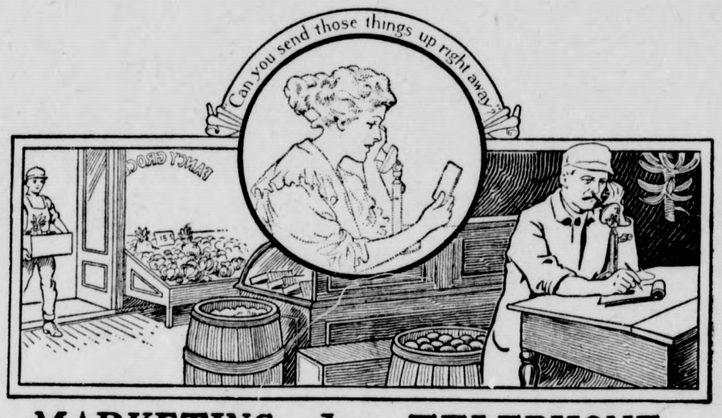

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Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. Olney Kinkead Walker, pastor (Res., 211 Crocker Bvd.). Preaching 8 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m.

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